THE

BRITISH POETS.

VOL. V.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,
and J. BALFOUR.

M, DCC, LXXIII.

HUDIBRAS,

IN THREE PARTS.

Written in the Time of the Late Wars.

BY

SAMUEL BUTLER.

WITH

ANNNOTATIONS.

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TO THE
READER.

POETA naſcitur, non fit, is a ſentence of as great truth as antiquity; it being moſt certain, that all the acquired learning imaginable is inſufficient to compleat a poet, without a natural genius and propenſity to ſo noble and ſublime an art. And we may, without offence, obſerve, that many very learned men, who have been ambitious to be thought poets, have only rendered themſelves obnoxious to that ſatirical inſpiration our author wittily invokes:

Which made them, though it were in ſpite
Of nature, and their ſtars, to write.

On the other ſide, ſome who have had very little human learning, but were endued with a large ſhare of natural wit and parts, have become the moſt celebrated poets * of the age they lived in. But as theſe laſt are *rarae aves in terris*; ſo when the Muſes have not diſdained the aſſiſtances of other arts and ſciences, we are then bleſſed with thoſe laſting monuments of wit and learning, which may juſtly claim a kind of eternity upon earth. And our author, had his modeſty permitted him, might, with Horace, have ſaid,

Exegi monumentum aere perennius;

* *Shakeſpear, D' Avenant*, &c.

Or, with Ovid,

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas.

The author of this celebrated poem was of this laſt compoſition: For although he had not the happineſs of an academical education, as ſome affirm, it may be perceived throughout his whole poem, that he had read much, and was very well accompliſhed in the moſt uſeful parts of human learning.

Rapin, in his reflections, ſpeaking of the neceſſary qualities belonging to a poet, tells us, he muſt have a genius extraordinary; great natural gifts; a wit juſt, fruitful, piercing, ſolid and univerſal; an underſtanding clear and diſtinct; an imagination neat and pleaſant; an elevation of ſoul, that depends not only on art or ſtudy, but is purely a gift of heaven, which muſt be ſuſtained by a lively ſenſe and vivacity; judgment to conſider wiſely of things, and vivacity for the beautiful expreſſion of them, *&c.*

Now, how juſtly this character is due to our author, I leave to the impartial reader, and thoſe of nicer judgments, who had the happineſs to be more intimately acquainted with him.

The reputation of this incomparable poem is ſo thoroughly eſtabliſhed in the world, that it would be ſuperfluous, if not impertinent, to endeavour any panegyric upon it. King Charles II. whom the judicious part of mankind will readily acknowledge to be a ſovereign judge of wit, was ſo great an admirer of it, that he would often pleaſantly quote it in his conver-

ſation. However, ſince moſt men have a curioſity to have ſome account of ſuch anonymous authors, whoſe compoſitions have been eminent for wit or learning; I have been deſired to oblige them with ſuch informations as I could receive from thoſe who had the happineſs to be acquainted with him, and alſo to rectify the miſtakes of the Oxford antiquary, in his *Athenæ Oxonienſes*, concerning him.

THE AUTHOR's LIFE.

SAMUEL BUTLER, the author of this excellent poem, was born in the parish of Strensham, in the county of Worcester, and baptized there the 13th of February 1612. His father, who was of the same name, was an honest country farmer, who had some small estate of his own, but rented a much greater of the lord of the manor where he lived. However perceiving in this son of his an early inclination to learning, he made a shift to have him educated in the free-school at Worcester, under Mr Henry Bright, where, having passed the usual time, and being become an excellent school-scholar, he went for some little time to Cambridge, but was never matriculated into that university, his father's abilities not being sufficient to be at the charge of an academical education: So that our author returned soon into his native country, and became clerk to one Mr Jeffreys of Earlscroom, an eminent justice of the peace for that county, with whom he lived some years, in an easy and no contemptible service. Here, by the indulgence of a kind master, he had sufficient leisure to apply himself to whatever learning his inclinations led him, which were chiefly history and poetry; to which, for his diversion, he joined music and painting: And I have seen some pictures, said to be of his drawing, which remained in that family; which I mention not for the excellency of them, but to satisfy the reader of his early inclinations to that

noble art; for which alſo he was afterwards entirely beloved by Mr Samuel Cooper, one of the moſt eminent painters of his time.

He was, after this, recommended to that great encourager of learning, Elizabeth Counteſs of Kent, where he had not only the opportunity to conſult all manner of learned books, but to converſe alſo with that living library of learning, the great Mr Selden.

Our author lived ſome time alſo with Sir Samuel Luke, who was of an ancient family in Bedfordſhire; but, to his diſhonour, an eminent commander under the uſurper Oliver Cromwell; and then it was, as I am informed, he compoſed this loyal poem. For though fate, more than choice, ſeems to have placed him in the ſervice of a knight ſo notorious, both in his perſon and politics; yet, by the rule of contraries, one may obſerve throughout his whole poem, that he was moſt orthodox, both in his religion and loyalty. And I am the more induced to believe he wrote it about that time, becauſe he had then the opportunity to converſe with thoſe living characters of rebellion, nonſenſe, and hypocriſy, which he ſo lively and pathetically expoſes throughout the whole work.

After the reſtoration of K. Charles the II. thoſe who were at the helm, minding money more than merit, our author found thoſe verſes of Juvenal to be exactly verified in himſelf:

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obſtat
Res anguſta domi: ——

And being endued with that innate modeſty, which

rarely finds promotion in princes courts; he became ſecretary to Richard Earl of Carbury, Lord Preſident of the principality of Wales, who made him ſteward of Ludlow-Caſtle, when the court there was revived. About this time, he married one Mrs Herbert, a gentlewoman of a very good family, but no widow, as our Oxford antiquary has reported. She had a competent fortune, but it was moſt of it unfortunately loſt, by being put out on ill ſecurities, ſo that it was of little advantage to him. He is reported by our antiquary, to have been ſecretary to his Grace George Duke of Buckingham, when he was chancellor to the univerſity of Cambridge: But whether that be true or no, it is certain, the Duke had a great kindneſs for him, and was often a benefactor to him. But no man was a more generous friend to him, than that Mecaenas of all learned and witty men, Charles Lord Buckhurſt, the late Earl of Dorſet and Middleſex; who, being himſelf an excellent poet, knew how to ſet a juſt value upon the ingenious performances of others, and has often taken care privately to relieve and ſupply the neceſſities of thoſe whoſe modeſty would endeavour to conceal them; of which our anthor was a ſignal inſtance, as ſeveral others have been who are now living. In fine, the integrity of his life, the acuteneſs of his wit, and eaſineſs of his converſation, had rendered him moſt acceptable to all men; yet he prudently avoided multiplicity of acquaintance, and wiſely choſe ſuch only whom his diſcerning judgement could diſtinguiſh, as Mr Cowley expreſſeth it,

From the great vulgar or the ſmall.

And having thus lived to a good old age, admired by all, though perſonally known to few, he departed this life in the year 1680, and was buried at the charge of his good friend Mr Longuevil of the Temple, in the yard belonging to the church of St Paul, Covent-garden, at the weſt end of the ſaid yard, on the north ſide, under the wall of the ſaid church, and under that wall which parts the yard from the common highway. And ſince he has no monument yet ſet up for him, give me leave to borrow his epitaph from that of Michael Drayton the poet, as the author of Mr Cowley's has partly done before me.

And though no monument can claim,
To be the treaſurer of thy name;
This work, which ne'er will die, ſhall be
An everlaſting monument to thee.

The characters of this poem are for the moſt part obvious, even to the meaneſt pretenders to learning or hiſtory: nor can ſcarce any one be ſo ignorant, as not to know, that the chief deſign thereof is a ſatire againſt thoſe incendiaries of church and ſtate, who, in the late rebellion, under pretence of religion, murdered the beſt of kings, to introduce the worſt of governments; deſtroyed the beſt of churches, that hypocriſy, novelty, and nonſenſe might be predominant amongſt us; and overthrew our wholeſome laws and conſtitutions, to make way for their bleſſed anarchy and confuſion, which at laſt ended in tyranny. But ſince, according to the proverb, *None are ſo blind as they that will not ſee;* ſo thoſe who are not reſolved to

be invincibly ignorant, I refer, for their farther satisfaction, to the histories of Mr Fowlis of presbytery, and Mr Walker of independency; but more especially to that incomparable history lately published, wrote by Edward Earl of Clarendon; which are sufficient to satisfy any unbiassed person, that his general characters are not fictitious: And I could heartily wish these times were so reformed, that they were not applicable to some even now living. However, there being several particular persons reflected on, which are not commonly known, and some old stories and uncouth words which want explication, we have thought fit to do that right to their memories, and, for the better information of the less learned readers, to explain them in notes.

How often the imitation of this poem has been attempted, and with how little success, I leave the readers to judge. In the year 1663, there came out a spurious book, called *The second part of Hudibras*; which is reflected upon by our author, under the character of Whacum, towards the latter end of his second part. Afterwards came out the Dutch and Scotch Hudibras, Butler's Ghost, the Occasional Hypocrite, and some others of the same nature, which, compared with this, (Virgil's Travesty excepted,) deserve only to be condemned *ad ficum et piperem:* or, if you please, to more base and servile offices.

Some vain attempts have been likewise made to translate some parts of it into Latin; but how far they fall short of that spirit of the English wit, I leave the meanest capacity that understands them to judge. The fol-

lowing ſimilies I have heard were done by the learned Dr Harmer, once Greek profeſſor at Oxon.

So learned Taliacotius from, &c.

Sic adſcitiſios naſos de clune taroſi
Vectoris, docta ſecuit Taliacotius arte,
Qui potuere parem durando aequare parentem.
At poſtquam fato clunis computruit, ipſum
Una ſympathicum coepit tabeſcere roſtrum.

So wind in the hypocondres pent, &c.

Sic hypocondriacis incluſa meatibus aura
Deſinet in crepitum, ſi fertur prona per alvum:
Sed ſi ſumma petat, mentiſque invaſerit arcem,
Divinus furor eſt, et conſcia flamma futuri.

So lawyers, leſt the bear, defendant, &c.

Sic legum myſtae, ne forſan pax foret, urſam
Inter furentem ſeſe actoremque moloſſum;
Faucibus injiciunt clavos denteſque refigunt,
Luctanteſque canes coxis femoriſque revellunt.
Errores juſtaſque moras obtendere certi,
Judiciumque prius revocare ut prorſus iniquum.
Tandem poſt aliquod breve reſpiramen utrinque,
Ut pugnas iterent, crebris hortatibus urgent.
Eja! agite, O cives, iterumque in proelia tradunt.

There are ſome verſes, which, for reaſons of ſtate, eaſy to be gueſſed at, were thought fit to be omitted in he firſt impreſſion; as theſe which follow.

Did not the learned Glyn and Maynard,
To make good ſubjects traitors, ſtrain hard?
Was not the King, by proclamation,
Declar'd a traitor through the nation?

And now I heartily wiſh I could gratify your farther curioſity with ſome of thoſe golden remains which are in the cuſtody of Mr Longuevil; but not having the happineſs to be very well acqnainted with him, nor intereſt to procure them, I deſire you will be content with the following copy, which the ingenious Mr Aubrey aſſures me he had from the author himſelf.

No Jeſuit e'er took in hand
To plant a church in barren land:
Nor ever thought it worth the while
A Swede or Ruſs to reconcile.
For where there is no ſtore of wealth,
Souls are not worth the charge of health.
Spain in America had two deſigns,
To ſell their goſpel for their mines.
For, had the Mexicans been poor,
No Spaniard twice had landed on their ſhore.
'Twas gold the Catholic religion planted,
Which, had they wanted gold, they ſtill had wanted.

The Oxford antiquary aſcribes to our author two pamphlets, ſuppoſed falſely, as he ſays, to be William Pryn's; the one intitled, *Mola Aſinaria;* or, *The unreaſonable and inſupportable burthen preſſed upon the ſhoulders of this groaning nation*, &c. London, 1659, in one ſheet quarto. The other, Two letters, one from John Audland, a Quaker, to William Pryn; the other Pryn's anſwer; in three ſheets in folio, 1672.

I have alſo ſeen a ſmall poem, of one ſheet in quarto, on Du Vall, a notorious highwayman, ſaid to be wrote by our author; but how truly, I know not.

HUDIBRAS.

PART I.

CANTO I.

The Argument.

Sir Hudibras his paſſing worth,
The manner how he ſally'd forth;
His arms and equipage are ſhown;
His horſe's virtues and his own.
Th' adventure of the *Bear* and *Fiddle*
Is ſung, but breaks off in the middle.

WHEN civil dudgeon firſt grew high,
And men fell out they know not why;
When hard words, jealouſies, and fears,

1. *When civil dudgeon*, &c.] *Dudgeon.* Who made the alterations in the laſt edition of this poem, I know not; but they are certainly ſometimes for the worſe; and I cannot believe the author would have changed a word ſo proper in that place, as *dudgeon* is, for that of *fury*, as it is in the laſt edition. *To take in dudgeon*, is inwardly to reſent ſome injury or affront, a ſort of grumbling in the gizzard, and what is previous to actual fury.

Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore:
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded;
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick:
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight wou'd
Intitle him, *Mirrour of knighthood*;
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To any thing but chivalry;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade:
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant:
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle:
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styl'd of *war*, as well as *peace*.
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water.)
But here our authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wise or stout.

24. *That could as well*, &c.] Bind over to the sessions, as being a justice of the peace in his county, as well as colonel of a regiment of foot in the parliament's army, and a committee-man.

Some hold the one, and ſome the other:
But howſoe'er they make a pother,
The diff'rence was ſo ſmall, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
Which made ſome take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a *fool*.
For't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains ſhe thought him but an aſs,
Much more ſhe would Sir Hudibras;
(For that's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write.)
But they're miſtaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no ſuch.
We grant, although he had much wit,
H'was very ſhy of uſing it;
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about;
Unleſs on holidays or ſo,
As men their beſt apparel do.
Beſide, 'tis known he could ſpeak Greek
As naturally as pigs ſqueak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whiſtle.
B'ing rich in both, he never ſcanted
His bounty unto ſuch as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many, that had not one word.

38. *As Montaigne*, &c.] Montaigne, in his eſſays, ſuppoſes his cat thought him a fool, for loſing his time in playing with her.

For Hebrew roots, although they're found
To flouriſh moſt in barren ground,
He had ſuch plenty, as ſuffic'd
To make ſome think him circumcis'd:
And truly ſo he was perhaps,
Not as a proſelyte, but for claps.

62 *To make ſome*, &c.] Here again is an alteration without any amendment; for the following lines,

And truly ſo he was, perhaps,
Not as a proſelyte, but for claps.

are thus changed:

And truly ſo perhaps, he was,
'Tis many pious Chriſtian's caſe.

The Heathens had an odd opinion, and gave a ſtrange reaſon why Moſes impoſed the law of circumciſion on the Jews, which, how untrue ſoever, I will give the learned reader an account of, without tranſlation, as I find it in the annotations upon Horace, wrote by my worthy and learned friend Mr William Baxter, the great reſtorer of the ancient, and promoter of modern learning.

Hor. ſat. 9. ſermon. lib. 1.

Curtis, quia pellicula imminuti ſunt; quia Moſes rex Judaeorum, cujus legibus reguntur, negligentia φιμωθεις, medicinaliter exſectus eſt, et ne ſolus eſſet notabilis, omnes circumcidi voluit. Vet. Schol. Vocem φιμωθεις, quae inſcitia librarii exciderat, repoſuimus ex conjectura; uti et *medicinaliter exſectus*, pro *medicinalis effectus*, quae nihili erant. Quis miretur ejuſmodi convicia homini Epicureo atque pagano excidiſſe?

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly ſkill'd in analytic;
He could diſtinguiſh, and divide
A hair 'twixt ſouth and ſouth-weſt ſide;
On either which he would diſpute,
Confute, change hands, and ſtill confute;
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horſe;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl;
A calf an alderman, a gooſe a juſtice,
And rooks committee-men and truſtees.
He'd run in debt by diſputation,
And pay with ratiocination:
All this by ſyllogiſm, true
In mode and figure, he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
And when he happen'd to break off
I'th'middle of his ſpeech or cough,
I'had hard words, ready to ſhew why,
And tell what rules he did it by;
Elſe, when with greateſt art he ſpoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk.

ure igitur Henrico Glareano organum diaboli videtur. Etiam ſatyra quinta haec habet: *Conſtat omnia miracula certa ratione fieri, de quibus Epicurei prudentiſſime diſputant.*

66 *Profoundly skill'd*, &c.] *Analytic* is a part of logic, that teaches to decline and conſtrue reaſon, as grammar does words.

For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleas'd to ſhew't, his ſpeech
In loftineſs of ſound was rich;
A Babyloniſh dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect:
It was a party-colour'd dreſs
Of patch'd and py-ball'd languages;
'Twas Engliſh cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fuſtian heretofore on ſatin.
It had an odd promiſcuous tone,
As if h'had talk'd three parts in one;
Which made ſome think, when he did gabble,
Th'had heard three labourers of Babel;
Or Cerberus himſelf pronounce
A leaſh of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent

93 *A Babyloniſh*, &c.] A confuſion of languages, ſuch as ſome of our modern virtuoſi uſed to expreſs themſelves in.

103 *Or Cerberus himſelf*, &c.] *Cerberus*; a name which poets gave a dog with three heads, which they feigned door-keeper of hell, that careſſed the unfortunate ſouls ſent thither, and devoured them that would get out again; yet Hercules tied him up, and made him follow. This dog with three heads, denotes the paſt, the preſent, and the time to come; which receive, and, as it were, devour all things. Hercules got the better of him; which ſhews that heroic actions are always victorious over time, becauſe they are preſent in the memory of poſterity.

As if his ſtock would ne'er be ſpent;
And truly, to ſupport that charge,
He had ſupplies as vaſt and large:
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
Words ſo debas'd and hard, no ſtone
Was hard enough to touch them on:
And when with haſty noiſe he ſpoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble-ſtones
When he harangu'd, but known his phraſe,
He would have us'd no other ways.
In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brache, or Erra Pater:
For he, by geometric ſcale,
Could take the ſize of pots of ale;
Reſolve by ſines and tangents, ſtraight,
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wiſely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does ſtrike, by algebra.
Beſide, he was a ſhrewd philoſopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloſs over;
Whate'er the crabbed'ſt author hath,

115 *That had the*, &c. Demoſthenes, who is ſaid to have had a defect in his pronunciation, which he cured by uſing to ſpeak with little ſtones in his mouth.

120. *Than Tycho Brache*, &c.] Tycho Brache was an eminent Daniſh mathematician. Quer. in Collier's dictionary, or elſewhere.

He understood b'implicit faith:
Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For ev'ry *why* he had a *wherefore*:
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go.

131 *Whatever Sceptic*, &c.] *Sceptic:* Pyrrho was the chief of the sceptic philosophers, and was at first, as Apollodorus saith, a painter, then became the hearer of Driso, and at last the disciple of Anaxagoras, whom he followed into India, to see the Gymnosophists. He pretended that men did nothing but by custom; that there was neither honesty nor dishonesty, justice nor unjustice, good nor evil. He was very solitary, lived to be ninety years old, was highly esteemed in his country, and created chief priest. He lived in the time of Epicurus and Theophrastus, about the 120th Olympiad. His followers were called *Pyrrhonians;* besides which, they were named the *Ephectics* and *Aphoretics*, but more generally *Sceptics*. This sect made their chiefest good to consist in a sedateness of mind, exempt from all passions; in regulating their opinions, and moderating their passions, which they called *ataxia* and *metriopathia*, and in suspending their judgment in regard to good or evil, truth or falsehood, which they called *epochi*. Sextus Empiricus, who lived in the second century, under the Emperor Antoninus Pius, writ ten books against the mathematicians or astrologers, and three of the Pyrrhonian opinion. The word is derived from the Greek σκεπτεσθαι; quod est, *considerare, speculari.*

All which he underſtood by rote,
And, as occaſion ſerv'd, would quote:
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either ſaid or ſung.
His notions fitted things ſo well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes miſtook the one
For th'other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abſtracts;
Where entity and quiddity,
The ghoſts of defunct bodies fly;
Where Truth in perſon doth appear,

143 *He could reduce*, &c.] The old philoſophers thought to extract notions out of natural things, as chymiſts do ſpirits and eſſences; and when they had refined them into the niceſt ſubtilties, gave them as inſignificant names as thoſe operators do their extractions: But, as Seneca ſays, the ſubtiler things are rendered, they are but the nearer to nothing. So are all their definitions of things by acts, the nearer to nonſenſe.

147 *Where Truth*, &c.] Some authors have miſtaken truth for a real thing, when it is nothing but a right method of putting thoſe notions or images of things, in the underſtanding of man, into the ſame ſtate and order that their originals hold in nature; and therefore Ariſtotle ſays, *Unumquodque ſicut ſe habet ſecundum eſſe, ita ſe habet ſecundum veritatem.* Met. l. 2.

Like words congeal'd in northern air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphyſic wit can fly.
In ſchool-divinity as able,
As he that height, Irrefragable;
A ſecond Thomas, or at once

148 *Like words congeal'd*, &.] Some report, that in Nova Zembla, and Greenland, mens words are wont to be frozen in the air, and at the thaw may be heard.

151 *In ſchool-divinity as able,*
As he that height, Irrefragable, &c.]

Here again is another alteration of three or four lines, as I think for the worſe.

Some ſpecific epithets were added to the title of ſome famous doctors, as *Angelicus*, *Seraphicus*, *Irrefragabilis*, *Subtilis*, &c. Vide *Voſſii etymolog.* *Baillet jugement de ſcavans*, and *Poſſevin's Apparatus.*

153 *A ſecond Thomas, or at once*
To name them all, another Duns.

Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican friar, was born 1224. ſtudied at Cologne and Paris. He new modelled the ſchool-divinity, and was therefore called the *Angelic Doctor*, and *Eagle of Divines.* The moſt illuſtrious perſons of his time were ambitious of his friendſhip, and put a high value upon his merits, ſo that they offered him biſhoprics; which he refuſed with as much ardour as others ſeek after them. He died in the 50th year of his age, and was canonized by Pope John the XXII. We have his works in eighteen volumes, ſeveral times printed.

To name them all, another Duns:
Profound in all the nominal
And real ways beyond them all;
For he a rope of ſand could twiſt

Johannes Dunſcotus was a very learned man, who lived about the end of the thirteenth, and beginning of the fourteenth century. The Engliſh and Scots ſtrive which of them ſhall have the honour of his birth. The Engliſh ſay he was born in Northumberland; the Scots alledge he was born at Dunſe in the Merſe, the neighbouring county to Northumberland, and hence was called *Dunſcotus*. Moreri, Buchanan, and other Scotch hiſtorians, are of this opinion; and for proof cite his epitah:

Scotia me genuit, Anglia ſuſcepit,
Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.

He died at Cologne, November 8th 1308. In the ſupplement to Dr Cave's *Hiſtoria Literaria*, he is ſaid to be extraordinary learned in phyſics, metaphyſics, mathematics, and aſtronomy; that his fame was ſo great when at Oxford, that 30,000 ſcholars came thither to hear his lectures; that, when at Paris, his arguments and authority carried it for the immaculate conception of the bleſſed Virgin; ſo that they appointed a feſtival on that account, and would admit no ſcholars to degrees, but ſuch as were of this mind. He was a great oppoſer of Thomas Aquinas's doctrine, and, for being a very acute logician, was called *Doctor Subtilis*; which was the reaſon alſo that an old punſter always called him *the Lathy Doctor*.

As tough as learned Sorboniſt;
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for ſkull
That's empty when the moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurniſhed.
He could raiſe ſcruples dark and nice,
And after ſolve 'em in a trice,
As if divinity had catch'd
The itch, on purpoſe to be ſcratch'd;
Or like a mountebank, did wound
And ſtab herſelf with doubts profound,
Only to ſhew with how ſmall pain
The ſores of faith are cur'd again;
Although by woful proof we find,
They always leave a ſcar behind.

158 *As tough as*, &c.] Sorbon was the firſt and moſt conſiderable college of the univerſity of Paris, founded in the reign of St Lewis by Robert Sorbon; which name is ſometimes given to the whole univerſity of Paris, which was founded about the year 741, by Charlemaigne, at the perſuaſion of the learned Alcuinus, who was one of the firſt profeſſors there; ſince which time it has been very famous. This college has been rebuilt with an extraordinary magnificence, at the charge of Cardinal Richlieu, and contains lodgings for thirty-ſix doctors, who are called *the ſociety of Sorbon*. Thoſe which are received among them, before they have received their Doctor's degree, are only ſaid to be of the *hoſpitality of Sorbon*. *Claud. Hemeraus de acad. Pariſ. Spondan. in annal.*

He knew the ſeat of Paradiſe,
Could tell in what degree it lies;
And, as he was diſpos'd, could prove it,
Below the moon, or elſe above it.
What Adam dream'd of when his bride
Came from her cloſet in his ſide;
Whether the devil tempted her
By a High-Dutch interpreter:
If either of them had a navel:
Who firſt made muſic malleable;
Whether the ſerpent, at the fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all:
All this, without a gloſs or comment,
He could unriddle in a moment,

173. *He knew*, &c.] There is nothing more ridiculous than the various opinions of authors about the ſeat of Paradiſe. Sir Walter Raleigh has taken a great deal of pains to collect them, in the beginning of his hiſtory of the world; where thoſe who are unſatisfied, may be fully informed.

180 *By a High-Dutch*, &c.] Goropius Becanus endeavours to prove, that High-Dutch was the language that Adam and Eve ſpoke in Paradiſe.

181 *If either of*, &c.] Adam and Eve being made, and not conceived and formed in the womb, had no navels, as ſome learned men have ſuppoſed, becauſe they had no need of them.

182 *Who firſt made*, &c.] Muſic is ſaid to be invented by Pythagoras, who firſt found out the proportion of notes, from the ſounds of hammers upon an anvil.

In proper terms such as men smatter,
When they throw out and miss the matter.
For his religion it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
'Twas Presbyterian true blue,
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant:
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly thorough reformation,
Which always must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done:
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies:
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss:
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick,
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right way:
Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to.
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite.

The ſelf-ſame thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free-will they one way diſavow,
Another, nothing elſe allow.
All piety conſiſts therein
In them, in other men all ſin.
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love moſt tenderly:
Quarrel with minc'd pies, and diſparage
Their beſt and deareſt friend plumb-porridge;
Fat pig and gooſe itſelf oppoſe,
And blaſpheme cuſtard through the noſe.
Th' apoſtles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were aſs and widgeon.
To whom our knight, by faſt inſtinct
Of wit and temper was ſo link'd,
As if hypocriſy and nonſenſe
Had got the advowſon of his conſcience.
Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inſide, not the outward;
That next of all we ſhall diſcuſs:
Then liſten, Sirs, it follows thus.
His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wiſdom and his face;
In cut and dye ſo like a tile,

232 *Like Mahomet's*, &c.] Mahomet had a tame dove that uſed to pick ſeeds out of his ear, that it might be thought to whiſper and inſpire him. His aſs was ſo intimate with him, that the Mahometans believe it carried him to heaven, and ſtays there with him, to bring him back again.

A ſudden view it would beguile:
The upper part thereof was whey,
The nether orange mix'd with grey.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of ſcepters and of crowns:
With grizly type did repreſent
Declining age of government;
And tell with hieroglyphic ſpade,
Its own grave and the ſtate's were made.
Like Samſon's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfal.
It was monaſtic, and did grow
In holy orders by ſtrict vow;
Of rule as ſullen and ſevere,
As that of rigid Cordeliere:
'Twas bound to ſuffer perſecution,
And martyrdom with reſolution;
T'oppoſe itſelf againſt the hate
And vengeance of th' incenſed ſtate:
In whoſe defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and ſpit upon, and martyr'd.
Maugre all which, 'twas to ſtand faſt,

257 *It was monaſtic, and did grow*
In holy orders by ſtrict vow.

He made a vow never to cut his beard, until the parliament had ſubdu'd the King; of which order of fanatic votaries there were many in thoſe times.

As long as monarchy ſhould laſt;
But when the ſtate ſhould hap to reel,
'Twas to ſubmit to fatal ſteel,
And fall, as it was conſecrate,
A ſacrifice to fall of ſtate;
Whoſe thread of life the fatal ſiſters
Did twiſt together with its whiſkers,
And twine ſo cloſe, that time ſhould never,
In life or death, their fortunes ſever:
But with his ruſty ſickle mow
Both down together at a blow.
So learned Taliacotius, from
The brawny part of porter's bum,
Cut ſupplemental noſes, which
Would laſt as long as parent breech;
But when the date of Nock was out,
Off dropt the ſympathetic ſnout.
His back, or rather burden ſhow'd,
As if it ſtoop'd with its own load.

281 *So learned Taliacotius*, &c.] Taliacotius was an Italian ſurgeon, that found out a way to repair loſt and decayed noſes.

This Taliacotius was chief ſurgeon to the Great Duke of Tuſcany, and wrote a treatiſe, *De curtis membris*, which he dedicates to his great maſter; wherein he not only declares the models of his wonderful operations in reſtoring of loſt members, but gives you cuts of the very inſtruments and ligatures he made uſe of therein: from hence our author, *cum poetica licentia*, has taken his ſimile.

For as Æneas bore his ſire
Upon his ſhoulders through the fire;
Our knight did bear no leſs a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back;
Which now had almoſt got the Upper-
Hand of his head, for want of crupper.
To poiſe this equally, he bore
A paunch of the ſame bulk before;
Which ſtill he had a ſpecial care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare;
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
Such as a country-houſe affords;
With other victual, which anon
We farther ſhall dilate upon,
When of his hoſe we come to treat,
The cupboard where he kept his meat.
His doublet was of ſturdy buff,
And though not ſword, yet cudgel proof;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his uſe,

289 *For as Æneas*, &c.] Æneas was the ſon of Anchiſes and Venus; a Trojan, who, after long travels, came into Italy, and, after the death of his father-in-law Latinus, was made king of Latium, and reigned three years. His ſtory is too long to inſert here; and therefore I refer you to Virgil's Æneis. Troy being laid in aſhes, he took his aged father Anchiſes upon his back, and reſcued him from his enemies. But being too ſolicitous for his ſon and houſhould gods, he loſt his wife Creuſa.

Who fear'd no blows but ſuch as bruiſe.
His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the ſiege of Bullen;
To old King Harry ſo well known,
Some writers held they were his own.
Through they were lin'd with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheeſe,
And fat black puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood.
For, as we ſaid, he always choſe
To carry vittle in his hoſe,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to ſurpriſe:
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t'other magazine,
They ſtoutly in defence on't ſtood,
And from the wounded they drew blood:
And till th' were ſtorm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt.
And though knights errant, as ſome think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Becauſe when thorough deſerts vaſt
And regions deſolate they paſt,
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unleſs they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their proviſion on record;
Which made ſome confidently write,
They had no ſtomachs but to fight:
'Tis falſe: For Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal,

On which with ſhirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights din'd:
Though 'twas no table, ſome ſuppoſe,
But a huge pair of round trunk hoſe;
In which he carry'd as much meat
As he and all the knights cou'd eat,
When laying by their ſwords and truncheons,
They took their breakfaſts or their nuncheons.
But let that paſs at preſent, leſt
We ſhould forget where we digreſt;
As learned authors uſe, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpoſe come.
His puiſſant ſword unto his ſide,
Near his undauted heart, was ty'd;
With baſket-hilt, that would hold broth,
And ſerve for fight and dinner both.
In it he melted lead for bullets,
To ſhoot at foes, and ſometimes pullets;
To whom he bore ſo fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter t' any ſuch.
The trenchant blade, Toledo truſty,
For want of fighting was grown ruſty,
And ate into itſelf, for lack
Of ſome body to hew and hack.
The peaceful ſcabbard where it dwelt,

359 ——————*Toledo truſty*, &c.] The capital city of New Caſtile in Spain, with an archbiſhopric and primacy. It was very famous, amongſt other things, for tempering the beſt metal for ſwords, as Damaſcus was, and perhaps may be ſtill.

The rancour of its edge had felt:
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, t'was ſo manful,
And ſo much ſcorn'd to lurk in caſe,
As if it durſt not ſhew its face.
In many deſperate attempts,
Of warrants exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than ſergeant Bum invading Shoulder.
Oft had it ta'en poſſeſſion,
And pris'ners too, or made them run.
This ſword a dagger had his page,
That was but little for his age;
And therefore waited on him ſo,
As dwarfs upon nights errant do.
It was a ſerviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging.
When it had ſtabb'd, or broke a head,
It would ſcrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toaſt cheeſe or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouſe-trap, t'would not care.
'Twould make clean ſhoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and ſo forth.
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure;
But left the trade, as many more

389 *But left the trade, as many more*
Have lately done, &c.

Oliver Cromwell and Colonel Pride had been both brewers.

Have lately done on the ſame ſcore.
In th' holſters at his ſaddle-bow
Two aged piſtols he did ſtow,
Among the ſurplus of ſuch meat
As in his hoſe he could not get.
Theſe would inveigle rats with th' ſcent
To forage when the cocks were bent;
And ſometimes catch 'em with a ſnap,
As cleverly as th' ableſt trap.
They were upon hard duty ſtill,
And ev'ry night ſtood centinel,
To guard the magazine i'th'hoſe
From two legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.
Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight
From peaceful home ſet forth to fight.
But firſt with nimble active force
He got on the outſide of his horſe;
For having but one ſtirrup ty'd
T' his ſaddle on the further ſide,
It was ſo ſhort h' had much ado
To reach it with his deſp'rate toe.
But, after many ſtrains and heaves,
He got up to the ſaddle-eaves;
From whence he vaulted into th' ſeat,
With ſo much vigour, ſtrength and heat,
That he had almoſt tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he us'd inſtead of rein.
But now we talk of mounting ſteed,
Before we further do proceed;
It doth behove us to ſay ſomething

Of that which bore our valiant bumkin.
The beaſt was ſturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I would ſay eye; for h' had but one,
As moſt agree, though ſome ſay none.
He was well ſtay'd, and in his gate
Preſerv'd a grave, majeſtic ſtate.
At ſpur or ſwitch no more he ſkipp'd,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipp'd:
And yet ſo fiery, he wou'd bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the ground:
That Caeſar's horſe, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half ſo tender-hooft,
Nor trod upon the ground ſo ſoft.
And as that beaſt would kneel and ſtoop
(Some write) to take his rider up;
So Hudibras his ('tis well known,)
Would often do to ſet him down.
We ſhall not need to ſay what lack
Of leather was upon his back;
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of knight gall'd full as bad.
His ſtrutting ribs on both ſides ſhow'd
Like furrows he himſelf had plow'd:
For underneath the ſkirt of pannel,
'Twixt every two there was a channel.

433 *That Caeſar's horſe*, &c.] Julius Caeſar had a horſe with feet like a man's. *Utebatur equo inſigni; pedibus prope humanis, et in modum digitorum unguibus fiſſis.* Suet. in Jul. cap. 61.

His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he would flurt;
Still as his tender ſide he prick'd,
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd kick'd:
For Hudibras wore but one ſpur,
As wiſely knowing, could he ſtir
To active trot one ſide of's horſe,
The other would not hang an arſe.

A ſquire he had, whoſe name was *Ralph*,
That in th' adventure went his half.
Though writers, for more ſtately tone,
Do call him *Ralpho*, 'tis all one:
And when we can with metre ſafe,
We'll call him ſo; if not, plain *Ralph*;
(For rhyme the rudder is of verſes,
With which, like ſhips, they ſteer their courſes.)
An equal ſtock of wit and valour
He had laid in, by birth a tailor.
The mighty Tyrian queen, that gain'd
With ſubtle ſhreds a tract of land,
Did leave it, with a caſtle fair,
To his great anceſtor, her heir:
From him deſcended croſs-legg'd knights,
Fam'd for their faith, and warlike fights
Againſt the bloody canibal,
Whom they deſtroy'd, both great and ſmall.

467 *The mighty Tyrian queen*, &c.] Dido, Queen of Carthage, who bought as much land as ſhe could compaſs with an Ox's hide, which ſhe cut into ſmall thongs, and cheated the owner of ſo much ground as ſerved her to build Carthage upon.

This ſturdy ſquire, he had, as well
As the bold Trojan knight, ſeen hell,
Not with a counterfeited paſs
Of golden bough, but true gold lace.
His knowledge was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't:
Some call it *gifts*, and ſome *new light*:
A lib'ral art, that coſts no pains
Of ſtudy, induſtry, or brains.
His wit was ſent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken.
Like commendation ninepence crook'd
With---To and from my love---it look'd.
He ne'er conſider'd it, as loth
To look a gift horſe in the mouth;
And very wiſely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.
But as he got it freely, ſo
He ſpent it frank and freely too.
For ſaints themſelves will ſometimes be,
Of gifts that coſt them nothing, free.
By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prolongers to enlighten'd ſtuff,
He could deep myſteries unriddle,
As eaſily as thread a needle.
For as of vagabonds we ſay,
That they are ne'er beſide their way;
Whate'er men ſpeak by this new light,

476 *As the bold*, &c.] Æneas, whom Virgil reports to uſe a golden bough for a paſs to hell; and tailors call that place hell, where they put all they ſteal.

Still they are ſure to be i' th' right.
'Tis a dark lanthorn of the ſpirit,
Which none ſee by but thoſe that bear it;
A light that falls down from on high,
For ſpiritual trades to cozen by;
An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches,
To make them dip themſelves, and ſound
For Chriſtendom, in dirty pond;
To dive like wild-foul for ſalvation,
And fiſh to catch regeneration.
This light inſpires and plays upon
The noſe of ſaint, like bagpipe drone,
And ſpeaks through hollow empty ſoul,
As through a trunk, or whiſp'ring hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But ſpirit'al caves-droppers can hear.
So Phoebus, or ſome friendly muſe,
Into ſmall poets ſong infuſe;
Which they at ſecond hand rehearſe
Through reed or bagpipe, verſe for verſe.
Thus Ralph became infallible,
As three or four legg'd oracle,
The antient cup, or modern chair;
Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware.
For myſtic learning, wond'rous able
In magic taliſman and cabal,

526 *As three*, &c.] Read the great *Geographical dictionary*, under that word.

530 *In magic*, &c.] *Taliſman* is a device to deſtroy any ſort of vermin, by caſting their images in

Whoſe primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's firſt green breeches;
Deep-ſighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences;
And much of *terra incognita*,
Th'intelligible world, could ſay;
A deep occult philoſopher
As learn'd as the wild Iriſh are,

metal, in a preciſe minute, when the ſtars are perfectly inclined to do them all the miſchief they can. This has been experimented by ſome modern virtuoſi upon rats, mice, and fleas; and found, as they affirm, to produce the effect with admirable ſucceſs.

Raymund Lully interprets *cabal*, out of the Arabic, to ſignify *ſcientia ſuperabundans*; which his commentator Cornelius Agrippa, by over-magniſying, has rendered a very ſuperfluous foppery.

532. *As far as*, &c.] The author of *Magia Adamica* endeavours to prove the learning of the ancient Magi to be derived from that knowledge which God himſelf taught Adam in Paradiſe before the fall.

535 *And much of*, &c.] The intelligible world is a kind of *terra del fuego*, or *pſittacorum regio*, diſcovered only by the philoſophers; of which they talk, like parrots, what they do not underſtand.

538 *As learn'd*, &c.] No nation in the world is more addicted to this occult philoſophy than the wild Iriſh are, as appears by the whole practice of their lives. Of which ſee Camden in his deſcription of Ireland.

Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And ſolid lying much renown'd:
He Anthropoſophus, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen, underſtood;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That wou'd do neither good or harm;
In Roſy-Crucian lore as learned,
As he that *vere adeptus* earned.
He underſtood the ſpeech of birds
As well as they themſelves do words;

539 *Or Sir Agrippa*, &c.] They who would know more of Sir Cornelius Agrippa here meant, may conſult the great dictionary.

451 *He Anthropoſophus, and Floud,*
And Jacob Behmen, underſtood;

Anthropoſophus is only a compound Greek word, which ſignifies a man that is wiſe in the knowledge of men, and is uſed by ſome anonymous author to conceal his true name.

Dr Floud was a ſort of an Engliſh Roſy-Crucian, whoſe works are extant, and as intelligible as thoſe of Jacob Behmen.

545 *In Roſy-Crucian lore as learned,*
As he that vere adeptus *earned.*

The fraternity of the Roſy-Crucians is very like the ſect of the ancient Gnoſtici, who called themſelves ſo from the excellent learning they pretended to, although they were really the moſt ridiculous ſots of mankind.

Vere adeptus is one that has commenced in their fanatic extravagance.

Could tell what ſubtleſt parrots mean,
That ſpeak and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry *Rope*, and *walk*, *knave*, *walk*.
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glaſs, like water;
Of ſov'reign power to make men wiſe;
For dropt in blear, thick ſighted eyes,
They'd make them ſee in darkeſt night,
Like owls, though purblind in the light.
By help of theſe, as he profeſs'd,
He had firſt matter ſeen undreſs'd:
He took her naked all alone,
Before one rag or form was on.
The chaos too he had deſcry'd,
And ſeen quite through, or elſe he ly'd.
Not that of paſteboard, which men ſhew
For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew;
But its great grandſire, firſt o' th' name,
Whence that and Reformation came;
Both couſin-germans, and right able
T'inveigle and draw in the rabble.
But Reformation was, ſome ſay,
O' th' younger houſe to puppet-play.
He could foretell whats'ever was
By conſequence to come to paſs;
As death of great men, alterations,
Diſeaſes, battles, inundations.
All this without th' eclipſe o' th' ſun,
Or dreadful comet, he hath done,
By inward light, a way as good,
And eaſy to be underſtood;

But with more lucky hit than thoſe
That uſe to make the ſtars depoſe,
Like knights o' th' poſt, and falſely charge
Upon themſelves what others forge;
As if they were conſenting to
All miſchiefs in the world men do;
Or, like the devil, did tempt and ſway 'em
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll ſearch a planet's houſe, to know
Who broke and robb'd a houſe below;
Examine Venus and the moon,
Who ſtole a thimble or a ſpoon:
And though they nothing will confeſs,
Yet by their very looks can gueſs,
And tell what guilty aſpect bodes,
Who ſtole, and who receiv'd the goods.
They'll queſtion Mars, and, by his look,
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloak;
Make Mercury confeſs, and 'peach
Thoſe thieves which he himſelf did teach.
They'll find, i' th' phyſiognomies
O' th' planets, all men's deſtinies;
Like him that took the doctor's bill,
And ſwallow'd it inſtead o' th' pill;
Caſt the nativity o' th' queſtion,
And from poſitions to be gueſs'd on,
As ſure as if they knew the moment
Of native's birth, tell what will come on't.
They'll feel the pulſes of the ſtars,
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs;
And tell what criſis does divine
The rot in ſheep, or mange in ſwine;

In men, what gives or cures the itch;
What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich;
What gains or loſes, hangs or ſaves;
What makes men great, what fools or knaves;
But not what wife, for only of thoſe
The ſtars, they ſay, cannot diſpoſe,
No more than can the aſtrologians.
There they ſay right, and like true Trojans.
This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
Th' other courſe, of which we ſpoke.

Thus was th' accompliſh'd ſquire endu'd
With gifts and knowledge, per'lous ſhrew'd.
Never did truſty ſquire with knight,
Or knight with ſquire, e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit.
Their valours too were of a rate,
And out they ſally'd at the gate.
Few miles on horſeback had they jogged,
But fortune unto them turn'd dogged;
For they a ſad adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat.
But ere we venture to unfold
Atchievements ſo reſolv'd and bold,
We ſhould, as learned poets uſe,
Invoke th' aſſiſtance of ſome muſe;
However critics count it ſillier
Than jugglers talking to familiar.
We think 'tis no great matter which;
They're all alike; yet we ſhall pitch

On one that fits our purpoſe moſt;
Whom therefore thus do we accoſt.
Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didſt inſpire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars,
And force them, though it was in ſpite
Of nature, and their ſtars, to write;
Who, as we find in ſullen writs,
And croſs-grain'd works of modern wits,
With vanity, opinion, want,
The wonder of the ignorant,
The praiſes of the author, penn'd
B'himſelf, or wit-inſuring friend;
The itch of picture in the front,
With bays and wicked rhyme upon't,
All that is left o' th' forked hill,
To make men ſcribble without ſkill;
Canſt make a poet ſpite of fate,
And teach all people to tranſlate,
Though out of languages in which
They underſtand no part of ſpeech:
Aſſiſt me but this once, I implore,
And I ſhall trouble thee no more.

645 *Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,*
Didſt inſpire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars.

This Vickars was a man of as great intereſt and authority in the late reformation, as Pryn or Withers, and as able a poet. He tranſlated Virgil's Æneid into as horrible traveſty, in earneſt, as the French Scarron did in burleſque, and was only outdone in his way by the politic author of Oceana.

In weſtern clime there is a town,
To thoſe that dwell therein well known.
Therefore there needs no more be ſaid here,
We unto them refer our reader;
For brevity is very good,
When w'are, or are not underſtood.
To this town people did repair
On days of market, or of fair;
And to crack'd fiddle, and hoarſe tabor,
In merriment did drudge and labour:
But now a ſport more formidable
Had rak'd together village-rabble;
'Twas an old way of recreating,
Which learned butchers call *bear-baiting*.
A bold advent'rous exerciſe,
With antient heroes in high prize:
For authors do affirm it came
From Iſthmian or Nemaean game:
Others derive it from the bear
That's fix'd in northern hemiſphere,
And round about the pole does make
A circle like a bear at ſtake,
That at the chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the rabble-rout.
For after ſolemn proclamation
In the bear's name, (as is the faſhion
According to the law of arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms,)
That none preſume to come ſo near
As forty foot of ſtake of bear;
If any yet be ſo fool hardy,
T' expoſe themſelves to vain jeopardy;

If they come wounded off, and lame,
No honour's got by ſuch a maim;
Although the bear gain much, being bound
In honour to make good his ground.
When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,
If any preſs upon him, who 'tis;
But lets them know, at their own coſt,
That he intends to keep his poſt.
This to prevent, and other harms,
Which always wait on feats of arms,
(For in the hurry of a fray,
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way.)
Thither the Knight his courſe did ſteer,
To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear;
As he believ'd h' was bound to do
In conſcience and commiſſion too;
And therefore thus beſpoke the ſquire.
We that are wiſely mounted higher
Than conſtables in curule wit,
When on tribunal bench we ſit,
Like ſpeculators ſhould foreſee,
From Pharos of authority,

714 *We that are*, &c.] This ſpeech is ſet down, as it was delivered by the knight, in his own words: but ſince it is below the gravity of heroical poetry to admit of humour, but all men are obliged to ſpeak wiſely alike, and too much of ſo extravagant a folly would become tedious and impertinent; the reſt of his harangues have only his ſenſe expreſſed in other words, unleſs in ſome few places, where his own words could not be ſo well avoided.

Portended miſchiefs farther than
Low Proletarian tything-men.
And therefore being inform'd by bruit,
That dog and bear are to diſpute;
For ſo of late men fighting name,
Becauſe they often prove the ſame;
(For where the firſt does hap to be,
The laſt does *coincidere.*)
Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
To ſave th' expence of Chriſtian blood,
And try if we, by mediation
Of treaty and accommodation,
Can end the quarrel, and compoſe
The bloody duel without blows.
Are not our liberties, our lives,
The laws, religion, and our wives,
Enough at once to lie at ſtake
For cov'nant and the cauſe's ſake?
But in that quarrel dogs and bears,
As well as we, muſt venture theirs?
This feud by Jeſuits invented,
By evil counſel is fomented;
There is a Machiavilian plot,
(Though ev'ry *nare olfact* is not,)
A deep deſign in't to divide
The well affected that confide,
By ſetting brother againſt brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not enemies *plus ſatis*,
That *cane et angue pejus* hate us?
And ſhall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our ownſelves without cauſe?

That ſome occult deſign doth lie
In bloody cynarctomachy,
Is plain enough to him that knows,
How ſaints lead brothers by the noſe.
I wiſh myſelf a pſeudo-prophet,
But ſure ſome miſchief will come of it;
Unleſs by providential wit,
Or force, we averruncate it.
For what deſign, what intereſt
Can beaſt have to encounter beaſt?
They fight for no eſpouſed cauſe,
Frail privilege, fundamental laws,
Nor for a thorough reformation,
Nor covenant, nor proteſtation,
Nor liberty of conſciences,
Nor Lords and Commons ordinances;
Nor for the church, nor for church-lands,
To get them in their own no hands;
Nor evil counſellors to bring
To juſtice, that ſeduce the King;
Nor for the worſhip of us men,

752 *In bloody*, &c.] *Cynarctomachy* ſignifies nothing in the world but a fight between dogs and bears; though both the learned and ignorant agree, that in ſuch words very great knowledge is contained: and our knight, as one, or both of thoſe, was of the ſame opinion.

758 *Or force*, &c.] *Averruncate*, another of the ſame kind, which, though it appear ever ſo learned and profound, means nothing elſe but the weeding of corn.

Though we have done as much for them.
Th' Ægyptians worſhipp'd dogs, and for
Their faith made internecine war:
Others ador'd a rat, and ſome
For that church ſuffer'd martyrdom:
The Indians fought for the truth
Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth:
Fought it out *mordicus* to death;
And many to defend that faith:
But no beaſt ever was ſo ſlight,
For man, as for his God, to fight.
They have more wit alas! and know
Themſelves and us better than ſo.
But we, who only do infuſe
The rage in them like *boute-feus;*

777 *The Indians fought for the truth*
Of th'elephant and monkey's tooth.

The hiſtory of the white elephant and the monkey's tooth, which the Indians adored, is written by Monſ. le Blanc. This monkey's tooth was taken by the Portugueſe from thoſe that worſhipped it; and though they offered a vaſt ranſom for it, yet the Chriſtians were perſuaded by their prieſts rather to burn it. But as ſoon as the fire was kindled, all the people preſent were not able to endure the horrible ſtink that came from it; as if the fire had been made of the ſame ingredients with which ſeamen uſe to compoſe that kind of granadoes which they call Stinkards.

786 *The rage*, &c.] *Boute-feus* is a French word; and therefore it were uncivil to ſuppoſe any Engliſh

'Tis our example that inſtils
In them the infection of our ills:
For, as ſome late philoſophers
Have well obſerv'd, beaſts that converſe
With man, take after him, as hogs
Get pigs all th' year and bitches dogs.
Juſt ſo, by our example, cattle
Learn to give one another battle.
We read in Nero's time, the Heathen,
When they deſtroy'd the Chriſtian brethren,
They ſew'd them in the ſkins of bears,
And then ſet dogs about their ears:
From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
Of this lew'd antichriſtian game.
To this, quoth Ralpho, verily,
The point ſeems very plain to me.
It is an antichriſtian game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.
Firſt for the name, the word *bear-baiting*
Is carnal and of man's creating:
For certainly there's no ſuch word
In all the ſcripture on record;
Therefore unlawful, and a ſin;
And ſo is (ſecondly) the *thing*.
A vile aſſembly 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by ſcripture, than
Provincial, claſſic, national,
Mere human creature-cobwebs all.
Thirdly, it is idolatrous;

perſon, eſpecially of quality, ignorant of it, or ſo ill bred as to need an expoſition.

For when men run a-whoring thus
With their inventions, whatſoe'r
The thing be, whether dog or bear,
It is idolatrous and Pagan,
No leſs than worſhipping of Dagon.
Quoth Hudibras, I ſmell a rat;
Ralpho, thou doſt prevaricate:
For though the theſis which thou lay'ſt
Be true *ad amuſſim*, as thou ſay'ſt;
(For that bear-baiting ſhould appear
Jure divino lawfuller
Than ſynods are, thou doſt deny,
Totidem verbis; ſo do I:)
Yet there's a fallacy in this;
For if by ſly *homoeoſis*,
Tuſſis pro crepitu, an art
Under a cough to ſlur a f----t,
Thou wouldſt ſophiſtically imply,
Both are unlawful, I deny.
And I, quoth Ralpho, do not doubt
But bear-baiting may be made out
In goſpel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial or parochial *claſſis*:
And that both are ſo near of kin,
And like in all, as well as ſin,
That put 'em in a bag, and ſhake 'em,
Yourſelf o' th' ſudden would miſtake 'em,
And not know which is which, unleſs
You meaſure by their wickedneſs:
For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
O' th' two is worſt, though I name neither.
Quoth Hudibras, thou offer'ſt much,

But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id eſt, to make a leek a cabbage;
Thoul't be at beſt but ſuch a bull,
Or ſhear-ſwine, all cry and no wool;
For what can ſynods have at all,
With bear that's analogical?
Or what relation has debating
Of church-affairs with bear-baiting?
A juſt compariſon ſtill is
Of things *ejuſdem generis*.
And then what *genus* rightly doth
Include and comprehend them both?
If animal, both of us may
As juſtly paſs for bears as they;
For we are animals no leſs,
Although of different ſpecieſes.
But, Ralpho, this is no fit place,
Nor time to argue out the caſe:
For now the field is not far off,
Where we muſt give the world a proof
Of deeds, not words, and ſuch as ſuit
Another manner of diſpute.
A controverſy that affords
Actions for arguments, not words:
Which we muſt manage at a rate
Of proweſs and conduct adequate
To what our place and fame doth promiſe,
And all the godly expect from us.
Nor ſhall they be deceiv'd, unleſs
We're ſlurr'd and outed by ſucceſs:
Succeſs, the mark no mortal wit,

Or ſureſt hand, can always hit:
For whatſoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, we're ſteer'd by fate,
Which in ſucceſs oft diſinherits,
For ſpurious cauſes, nobleſt merits.
Great actions are not always true ſons
Of great and mighty reſolutions:
Nor do the bold'ſt attempts bring forth
Events ſtill equal to their worth:
But ſometimes fail, and in their ſtead
Fortune and cowardice ſucceed.
Yet we have no great cauſe to doubt,
Our actions ſtill have borne us out:
Which, though they're known to be ſo ample,
We need not copy from example;
We're not the only perſons durſt
Attempt this province, nor the firſt.
In northern clime a val'rous knight
Did whilom kill his bear in fight,
And wound a fiddler: We have both
Of theſe the objects of our wroth,
And equal fame and glory from
Th' attempt of victory to come.
'Tis ſung, there is a valiant Mamaluke

903 *'Tis ſung*, &c.] *Mamaluke* is the name of the militia of the ſultans of Egypt. It ſignified a *ſervant* or *ſoldier*. They were commonly captives, taken from amongſt the Chriſtians, and inſtructed in military diſcipline, and did not marry. Their power was great; for, beſides that the ſultans were choſen out of their body, they diſpoſed of the moſt important offices of

In foreign land, yclep'd ——
To whom we have been oft compar'd
For perſon, parts, addreſs, and beard;
Both equally reputed ſtout,
And in the ſame cauſe both have fought;
He oft in ſuch attempts as theſe
Came off with glory and ſucceſs;
Nor will we fail in th' execution,
For want of equal reſolution.
Honour is like a widow, won

the kingdom. They were formidable about 200 years, till, at laſt, Selim, Sultan of the Turks, routed them, and killed their ſultan, near Aleppo, 1516, and ſo put an end to the empire of the Mamalukes, which had laſted 267 years. *Paulus Jovius, &c.*

No queſtion but the rhyme to Mamaluke, was meant Sir Samuel Luke, of whom in the preface.

913 *Honour is like*, &c.] Our Engliſh proverbs are not impertinent to this purpoſe.

He that wooes a maid, muſt ſeldom come in her ſight:
But he that wooes a widow muſt wooe her day and night:
He that wooes a maid, muſt feign, and lie, and flatter;
But he that wooes a widow, muſt down with his breeches [and at her.

This proverb being ſome what immoleſt, Mr Ray ſays he would not have inſerted it in his collection, but that he met with it in a little book, entitled *The Quaker's ſpiritual court proclaimed;* written by Nathaniel Smith, ſtudent in phyſic, wherein the author mentions it as counſel given him by Hilkiah Bedford, an eminent Quaker in London, who would

With briſk attempt and putting on,
With entering manfully, and urging,
Not ſlow approaches, like a virgin.
This ſaid, as yerſt the Phrygian knight,
So ours, with ruſty ſteel did ſmite
His Trojan horſe, and juſt as much
He mended pace upon the touch;
But from his empty ſtomach groan'd
Juſt as that hollow beaſt did ſound,
And angry anſwer'd from behind,
With brandiſh'd tail and blaſt of wind.
So have I ſeen, with armed heel,
A wight beſtride a common-weal:
While ſtill the more he kick'd and ſpurr'd,
The leſs the ſullen jade has ſtirr'd.

have had him to have married a rich widow, in whoſe houſe he lodged. In caſe he could get her, this Nathaniel Smith had promiſed Hilkiah a chamber gratis, the whole narrative is worth the reading.

CANTO II.

The Argument.

The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies beſt men of war:
Whom, in a bold harrangue, the knight
Defies, and challenges to fight:
H' encounters Talgol, routs the bear,
And takes the fidler priſoner;
Conveys him to inchanted caſtle,
There ſhuts him faſt in wooden baſtile.

THERE was an ancient ſage philoſopher,
That had read Alexander Roſs over;
And ſwore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting and of love:
Juſt ſo romances are, for what elſe
Is in them all, but love and battles?
O' th' firſt of theſe we've no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter;
In which to do the injur'd right,
We mean, in what concerns juſt fight.
Certes our authors are to blame,
For to make ſome well-ſounding name
A pattern, fit for modern knights
To copy out in frays and fights,

(Like thoſe that a whole ſtreet do raze,
To build a palace in the place,)
They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,
Or wives, or children, ſo they can
Make up ſome fierce dead-doing man,
Compos'd of many ingredient valours,
Juſt like the manhood of nine taylors:
So a wild Tartar, when he ſpies
A man that's handſome, valiant, wiſe,
If he can kill him, thinks t'inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his ſpirit:
As if juſt ſo much he enjoy'd,
As in another is deſtroy'd.
For when a giant's ſlain in fight,
And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy caſe, no doubt,
A man ſhould have his brains beat out,
Becauſe he's tall, and has large bones;
As men kill beavers for their ſtones.
But as for our part, we ſhall tell
The naked truth of what befel;
And as an equal friend to both
The knight and bear, but more to truth,
With neither faction ſhall take part,
But give to each his due deſert;
And never coin a formal lye on't,
To make the knight o'ercome the giant.
This b'ing profeſs'd, we have hopes enough,
And now go on where we left off.
They rode, but authors having not
Determin'd whether pace or trot,

(That is to ſay, whether *tollutation*,
As they do term't, or *ſuccuſſation*)
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppoſe they did, no matter how:
Yet ſome from ſubtle hints have got
Myſterious light, it was a trot.
But let that paſs: They now begun
To ſpur their living engines on.
For as whipp'd tops, and bandy'd balls,
The learned hold, are animals:
So horſes they affirm to be
Mere engines made by geometry;
And were invented firſt from engines,
As Indian Britons were from penguins.
So let them be: As I was ſaying,
They their live engines ply'd, not ſtaying
Until they reach'd the fatal champain,

47 *That is to ſay, whether* tollutation,
As they do term't, or ſuccuſſation.

Tollutation and *ſuccuſſation* are only Latin words for ambling and trotting, though I believe both were natural amongſt the old Romans; ſince I never read they made uſe of the trammel, or any other art, to pace their horſes.

60 *As Indian Britons*, &c.] The American Indians call a great bird they have, with a white head, a *penguin*; which ſignifies the ſame thing in the Britiſh tongue: from whence (with other words of the ſame kind) ſome authors have endeavoured to prove, that the Americans are originally derived from the Britons.

Which th' enemy did then encamp on:
The dire Pharſalian plain, where battle
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puiſſant cattle,
And fierce auxiliary men,
That came to aid their brethren;
Who now began to take the field,
As Knight from ridge of ſteed beheld.
For as our modern wits behold,
Mounted a pick-back on the old,
Much farther off; much farther he,
Rais'd on his aged beaſt, could ſee;
Yet not ſufficient to deſcry
All poſtures of the enemy;
Wherefore he bids the ſquire ride further,
T' obſerve their numbers, and their order;
That, when their motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Mean while he ſtopp'd his willing ſtead,
To fit himſelf for martial deed:
Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
Either to give blows, or to ward;
Courage and ſteel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better or for worſe.
His death-charg'd piſtols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preſerving vittle.
Theſe being prim'd, with force he labour'd

65 *The dire*, &c.] Pharſalia is a city of Theſſaly, famous for the battle won by Julius Caeſar againſt Pompey the Great, in the neighbouring plains, in the 607th year of Rome; of which read Lucan's Pharſalia.

To free's ſword from retentive ſcabbard:
And after many a painful pluck
From ruſty durance he bail'd tuck.
Then ſhook himſelf, to ſee that proweſs
In ſcabbard of his arms ſet looſe;
And rais'd upon his deſp'rate foot,
On ſtirrup-ſide he gaz'd about,
Portending blood, like blazing ſtar,
The beacon of approaching war.
Ralpho rode on with no leſs ſpeed
Than Hugo in the foreſt did:
But far more in returning made;
For now the foe he had ſurvey'd,
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
With van, main battle, wings and rear.
I'th'head of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero march'd, expert and able.
Inſtead of trumpet and of drum,
That makes the warior's ſtomach come,
Whoſe noiſe whets valour ſharp, like beer
By thunder turn'd to vinegar;
(For if a trumpet ſound, or drum beat,
Who has not a month's mind to combat?)
A ſqueaking engine he applied
Unto his neck, or north eaſt-ſide,
Juſt where the hangman does diſpoſe,
To ſpecial friends, the knot of nooſe:
For 'tis great grace, when ſtateſman ſtrait
Diſpatch a friend, let others wait.
His warped ear hung o'er the ſtrings,
Which were but ſouſe to chitterlings:
For guts, ſome write, e're they are ſodden,

Are fit for muſic, or for pudden:
From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
Of minſtrelſy, by ſtring or wind.
His griſly beard was long and thick,
With which he ſtrung his fiddle-ſtick:
For he to horſe-tail ſcorn'd to owe,
For what on his own chin did grow.
Chiron, the four-legg'd, had both
A beard and tail in his own growth;
And yet by authors 'tis averr'd,
He made uſe only of his beard.
In Staffordſhire, where virtuous worth
Does raiſe the minſtrelſy, not birth;
Where bulls do chuſe the boldeſt king,
And ruler, o'er the men of ſtring;
(As once in Perſia, 'tis ſaid,
Kings were proclaim'd by horſe that neigh'd;)

129 *Chiron, the*, &c.] Chiron, a Centaur, ſon to Saturn and Phillyris, living in the mountains, where, being much given to hunting, he became very knowing in the virtues of plants, and one of the moſt famous phyſicians of his time. He imparted his ſkill to Æſculapius, and was afterwards Apollo's governor, until being wounded by Hercules, and deſiring to die, Jupiter placed him in heaven, where he forms the ſign of Sagittarius, or the Archer.

133 *In Staffordſhire, where virtuous worth*
Does raiſe the minſtrelſy, not birth, &c.

The whole hiſtory of this ancient ceremony, you may read at large in Dr Plot's hiſtory of Staffordſhire, under the town of Tutbury.

He bravely vent'ring at a crown,
By chance of war was beaten down,
And wounded ſore: His leg then broke,
Had got a deputy of oak;
For when a ſhin in fight is cropt,
The knee with one of timber's propt,
Eſteem'd more honourable than the other,
And takes place though the younger brother.
Next march'd brave Orſin, famous for
Wiſe conduct, and ſucceſs in war;
A ſkilful leader, ſtout, ſevere,
Now marſhal to the champion bear.
With truncheon tipt with iron head,
The warrior to the liſts he led;
With ſolemn march, and ſtately pace,
But far more grave and ſolemn face;
Grave as the emperor of Pegu,
Or Spaniſh potentate Don Diego.
This leader was of knowledge great,
Either for charge, or for retreat.
He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
To fall back and to retreat as well.
So lawyers, leſt the bear defendant,
And plaintiff dog, ſhould make an end on't,
Do ſtave and tail with writs of error,
Reverſe of judgement, and demurrer,
To let them breathe a while, and then
Cry whoop, and ſet them on agen.
As Romulus a wolf did rear,

155 *Grave as the*, &c.] For the hiſtory of Pegu, read Mandelſo and Olearius's travels.

So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd prey
Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
Bred up, where diſcipline moſt rare is,
In military garden Paris,
For ſoldiers heretofore did grow
In gardens juſt as weeds do now;
Until ſome ſplay-foot politicians
T' Apollo offer'd up petitions,
For licenſing a new invention
Th'ad found out of an antique engine,
To root out all the weeds that grow
In public gardens at a blow,
And leave the herbs ſtanding. Quoth Sir Sun,
My friends, that is not to be done.
Not done! quo' ſtateſmen; yes, an't pleaſe ye,
When 'tis once known, you'll ſay 'tis eaſy.
Why then let's know it, quoth Apollo:
We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.
A drum! quoth Phoebus, troth that's true,
A pretty invention quaint and new.
But though of voice and inſtrument
We are th' undoubted preſident;
We ſuch loud muſic don't profeſs:
The devil's maſter of that office,
Where it muſt paſs, if't be a drum,
He'll ſign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*
To him apply yourſelves, and he
Will ſoon diſpatch you for his fee.

172 *In military*, &c.] Paris garden in Southwark took its name from the poſſeſſor.

They did ſo; but it prov'd ſo ill,
Th'ad better let 'em grow there ſtill.
But to reſume what we diſcourſing
Were on before, that is, ſtout Orſin:
That which ſo oft by ſundry writers
Has been applied t' almoſt all fighters,
More juſtly may b' aſcrib'd to this,
Than any other warrior, (viz.)
None ever acted both parts bolder,
Both of a chieftain and a ſoldier.
He was of great deſcent, and high
For ſplendor and antiquity,
And from celeſtial origine
Deriv'd himſelf in a right line.
Not as the ancient heroes did,
Who, that their baiſe births might be hid,
(Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a Windore,)
Made Jupiter himſelf and others
O'th'gods, gallants to their own mothers,
To get on them a race of champions,
(Of which old Homer firſt made lampoons.)
Arctophylax in northern ſphere
Was his undoubted anceſtor:
From him his great forefathers came,
And in all ages bore his name.
Learned he was in med'c'nal lore;
For by his ſide a pouch he wore,
Replete with ſtrange hermetic powder,
That wounds nine miles point-blank would ſolder;
By ſkilful chymiſt with great coſt
Extracted from a rotten poſt:

But of a heav'nlier influence
Than that which mountebanks diſpenſe;
Though by Promethean fire made,
As they do quack that drive that trade.
For as when ſlovens do amiſs
At others doors, by ſtool or piſs;
The learned write, a red-hot ſpit
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,

231 *Though by*, &c.] Promethean fire. Prometheus was the ſon of Iapetus, and brother of Atlas; concerning whom the poets have feigned, that having firſt formed men of the earth and water, he ſtole fire from heaven to put life into them; and that having thereby diſpleaſed Jupiter, he commanded Vulcan to tie him to mount Caucaſus with iron chains, and that a vulture ſhould prey upon his liver continually. But the truth of the ſtory is, that Prometheus was an aſtrologer, and conſtant in obſerving the ſtars upon that mountain, and that, among other things, he found the art of making fire, either by the means of a flint, or by contracting the ſunbeams in a glaſs. Bochart will have Magog in the ſcripture to be the Prometheus of the Pagans.

He here and before ſarcaſtically derides thoſe who were great admirers of the ſympathetic powder and weapon-ſalve, which were in great repute in thoſe days, and much promoted by the great Sir Kenelm Digby, who wrote a treatiſe *ex profeſſo* on that ſubject, and I believe thought what he wrote to be true, which ſince has been almoſt exploded out of the world.

Will convoy miſchief from the dung
Unto to the part that did the wrong:
So this did healing, and as ſure
As that did miſchief, this would cure.
This virtuous Orſin was endu'd
With learning, conduct, fortitude,
Incomparable: And as the prince
Of poets, Homer, ſung long ſince,
A ſkilful leech is better far
Than half a hundred men of war;
So he appear'd, and by his ſkill,
No leſs than dint of ſword, could kill.
The gallant Bruin march'd next him,
With viſage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin:
Clad in a mantle *della guerre*
Of rough and impenetrable fur;
And in his noſe, like Indian king,
He wore, for ornament, a ring;
About his neck a threefold gorget,
As rough as trebled leathern target,
Armed, as heralds cant, and langued,
Or, as the vulgar ſay ſharp-fanged.
For as the teeth in beaſts of prey
Are ſwords, with which they fight in fray;
So ſwords, in men of war are teeth
Which they do eat their vittle with.
He was by birth, ſome authors write,
A Ruſſian, ſome a Muſcovite.

And 'mong the Coſſacks had been bred,
Of whom we in diurnals read,
That ſerve to fill up pages here,
As with their bodies ditches there.
Scrimansky was his couſin-german,
With whom he ſerv'd and fed on vermin:
And when theſe fail'd, he'd ſuck his claws,
And quarter himſelf upon his paws.
And though his country-men, the Huns,
Did ſtew their meat between their bums
And th' horſes backs on which they ſtraddle,
And ev'ry man eat up his ſaddle:
He was not half ſo nice as they,
But eat it raw when't came in's way;
He had trac'd countries far and near,
More than Le Blank the traveller;
Who writes, he ſpous'd in India

267 *And 'mong*, &c.] Coſſacks are a people that live near Poland. This name was given them for their extraordinary nimbleneſs; for *coſa* or *koſa*, in the Poliſh tongue, ſignifies a goat. He that would know more of them may read Le Laboreur and Thuldenus.

275 *And though*, &c.] This cuſtom of the Huns is deſcribed by Ammianus Marcellinus. *Hunni ſemicruda cujuſvis pecoris carne veſcuntur, quam inter femora ſua et equorum terga ſubſertam, ſolu calefaciunt brevi*, p. 686.

283 ——*He ſpous'd in India,*
Of noble houſe, a lady gay.

Of noble houſe, a lady gay,
And got on her a race of worthies,
As ſtout as any upon earth is.
Full many a fight for him between
Talgol and Orſin oft had been;
Each ſtriving to deſerve the crown
Of a ſav'd citizen; the one
To guard his bear, the other fought
To aid his dog; both made more ſtout
By ſev'ral ſpurs of neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-memberſhip, and blood;
But Talgol, mortal foe to cows,
Never got aught of him but blows;
Blows, hard and heavy, ſuch as he
Had lent, repaid with uſury.
Yet Talgol was of courage ſtout,
And vanquiſh'd oft'ner than he fought:
Inur'd to labour, ſweet, and toil,
And like a champion ſhone with oil.
Right many a widow his keen blade,
And many fatherleſs had made.
He many a boar and huge dun cow
Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow.
But Guy with him in fight compar'd,
Had like the boar or dun cow far'd.

The ſtory in Le Blanc, of a bear that married a king's daughter, is no more ſtrange than many others of moſt travellers that paſs with allowance: for, if they ſhould write nothing but what is poſſible, or probable, they might appear to have loſt their labour, and obſerved nothing but what they might have done as well at home.

With greater troops of ſheep h'had fought
Than Ajax, or bold Don Quixote;
And many a ſerpent of fell kind,
With wings before, and ſtings behind,
Subdu'd; as poets ſay, long agone
Bold Sir George St. George did the dragon.
Nor engine, nor device polemic,
Diſeaſe nor doctor epidemic,
Though ſtor'd with deletery med'cines,
(Which whoſoever took is dead ſince,)
E'er ſent ſo vaſt a colony
To both the under worlds as he.
For he was of that noble trade,
That demi-gods and heroes made,
Slaughter, and knocking on the head;
The trade to which they all were bred;
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but baſe if mean.
The former rides in triumph for it;
The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So ſacred with vile bungling.
Next theſe the brave Magnano came,
Magnano, great in martial fame.
Yet when with Orſin he wag'd fight,
'Tis ſung, he got but little by't.
Yet he was fierce as foreſt boar,
Whoſe ſpoils upon his back he wore,
As thick as Ajax' ſev'n-fold ſhield,
Which o'er his brazen arms he held:
But braſs was feeble to reſiſt
The fury of his armed fiſt.

Nor could the hardeſt ir'n hold out
Againſt his blows, but they would through't.
In magic he was deeply read,
As he that made the brazen head;
Profoundly ſkill'd in the black art,
As Engliſh Merlin for his heart;
But far more ſkilful in the ſpheres,
Than he was at the ſieve and ſhears.
He could transform himſelf in colour,
As like the devil as a collier;
As like as hypocrites in ſhow
Are to true ſaints, or crow to crow.
Of warlike engines he was author,
Devis'd for quick diſpatch of ſlaughter;
The cannon, blunderbuſs, and ſaker,
He was th' inventor of, and maker:
The trumpet and the kettle-drum
Did both from his invention come.
He was the firſt that e'er did teach
To make, and how to ſtop a breach.
A lance he bore with iron pike,
Th' one half would thruſt, the other ſtrike:
And when their forces he had join'd,
He ſcorn'd to turn his parts behind.
He Trulla lov'd, Trulla more bright

343 *In magic he was deeply read,*
As he that made the brazen head;
Profoundly skill'd in the black art,
As Engliſh Merlin for his heart.

Roger Bacon and Merlin. See Collier's dictionary.

Than burniſh'd armour of her knight:
A bold virago, ſtout and tall,
As Joan of France, or Engliſh Mall.
Through perils both of wind and limb,
Through thick and thin ſhe follow'd him,
In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forſook.
At breach of wall, or hedge-ſurpriſe,
She ſhar'd o' th' hazard and the prize:
At beating quarters up, or forage,
Behav'd herſelf with matchleſs courage,
And laid about in fight more buſily
Than th' Amazonian dame Pentheſile.
And though ſome critics here cry ſhame,
And ſay our authors are to blame,
That (ſpite of all philoſophers,
Who hold no females ſtout, but bears;
And heretofore did ſo abhor
That women ſhould pretend to war;

368 *As Joan*, &c.] Two notorious women. The laſt was known here by the name of Mall Cutpurſe.

378 *Than th' Amazonian*, &c.] Pentheſile, Queen of the Amazons, ſucceeded Orithya. She carried ſuccours to the Trojans, and, after having given noble proofs of her bravery, was killed by Achilles. Pliny ſaith, it was ſhe that invented the battle-ax. If any one deſire to know more of the Amazons, let him read Mr Sanſon.

They would not ſuffer the ſtout'ſt dame
To ſwear by Hercules's name)
Make feeble ladies, in their works,
To fight like Termagants and Turks:
To lay their native arms aſide,
Their modeſty, and ride aſtride;
To run a-tilt at men, and wield
Their naked tools in open field;
As ſtout Armida, bold Thaleſtris,
And ſhe that would have been the miſtreſs
Of Gundibert; but he had grace,

385 *They would not ſuffer the ſtout'ſt dame*
To ſwear by Hercules's name.

The old Romans had particular oaths for men and women to ſwear by; and therefore Macrobius ſays, *Viri per Caſtorem non jurabant antiquitus, nec mulieres per Herculem; Ædepol autem juramentum erat tam mulieribus, quam viris commune*, &c.

393 *As ſtout*, &c.] Two formidable women at arms, in romances, that were cudgelled into love by their gallants.

395 *Of Gundibert*, &c.] *Gundibert* is a feigned name, made uſe of by Sir William Davenant, in his famous epic poem ſo called, wherein you may find alſo that of his miſtreſs. This poem was deſigned by the author to be an imitation of the Engliſh drama; it being divided into five books, as the other is into five acts; the cantos to be parallel of the ſcenes, with this difference, that this is delivered narratively, the other dialogue-wiſe. It was uſhered into the world by a large preface written by Mr Hobbes,

And rather took a country-laſs:
They ſay 'tis falſe, without all ſenſe,
But of pernicious conſequence
To government, which they ſuppoſe
Can never be upheld in proſe:
Strip nature naked to the ſkin,
You'll find about her no ſuch thing.
It may be ſo; yet what we tell
Of Trulla, that's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by that have ſeen't,
Or, what's as good, produc'd in print:
And if they will not take our word,
We'll prove it true upon record.
The upright Cerdon next advanc'd,
Of all his race the valiant'ſt:

and by the pens of two of our beſt poets, viz. Mr Waller and Mr Cowley; which, one would have thought, might have proved a ſufficient defence and protection againſt ſnarling critics. Notwithſtanding which, four eminent wits of that age (two of which were Sir John Denham and Mr Donne) publiſhed ſeveral copies of verſes to Sir William's diſcredit, under this title, *Certain verſes written by ſeveral of the author's friends, to be reprinted with the ſecond edition of Gundibert, in octavo, London* 1653. Theſe verſes were as wittily anſwered by the author, under this title, *The incomparable poem of Gundibert vindicated from the wit-combat of four Eſquires, Clinias, Damoetas, Sancho, and Jack Pudding: Printed in octavo, London* 1655. *Vide* Langbain's account of dramatic poets.

Cerdon the great, renown'd in ſong,
Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong:
He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
The weak againſt the ſtrongeſt ſide:
Ill has he read that never hit
On him, in muſes deathleſs writ.
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That through a bull-hide ſhield would pierce,
And cut it in a thouſand pieces,
Though tougher than the knight of Greece his,
With whom his black-thumb'd anceſtor
Was comrade in the ten years war:
For when the reſtleſs Greeks ſat down
So many years, before Troy town,
And were renown'd, as Homer writes,
For well-ſoal'd boots, no leſs than fights;
They ow'd that glory only to
His anceſtor, that made them ſo.
Faſt friend he was to reformation,
Until 'twas worn quite out of faſhion.
Next rectifier of wry law,
And would make three to cure one flaw.
Learned he was, and could take note,
Tranſcribe, collect, tranſlate, and quote.
But preaching was his chiefeſt talent,
Or argument, in which b'ing valiant,
He us'd to lay about and ſtickle,
Like ram, or bull, at conventicle:
For diſputants, like rams and bulls,
Do fight with arms that ſpring from ſculls.
Laſt Colon came, bold man of war,
Deſtin'd to blows by fatal ſtar;

Right expert in command of horſe,
But cruel, and without remorſe.
That which of Centaur, long ago
Was ſaid, and has been wreſted to
Some other knights, was true of this,
He and his horſe were of a piece.
One ſpirit did inform them both,
The ſelf-ſame vigour, fury, wroth:
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had a harder heart;
Although his horſe had been of thoſe
That fed on man's fleſh, as fame goes,
Strange food for horſe! and yet, alas,
It may be true, for fleſh is graſs.
Sturdy he was, and no leſs able
Than Hercules to clean a ſtable;
As great a drover, and as great
A critic too, in hog or neat.
He ript the womb up-of his mother,
Dame Tellus, 'cauſe ſhe wanted fother,
And provender, wherewith to feed
Himſelf, and his leſs cruel ſteed.
It was a queſtion whether he
Or's horſe were of a family
More worſhipful; 'till antiquaries
(After th' had almoſt por'd out their eyes)
Did very learnedly decide
The bus'neſs on the horſe's ſide,
And prov'd not only horſe, but cows,
Nay pigs, were of the elder houſe:
For beaſts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himſelf, did th' earth poſſeſs.

Theſe worthies were the chief that led
The combatants, each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage,
Ready, and longing to engage.
The num'rous rabble was drawn out
Of ſev'ral counties round about,
From villages remote, and ſhires,
Of eaſt and weſtern hemiſpheres:
From foreign pariſhes and regions,
Of diff'rent manners, ſpeech, religions,
Came men and maſtiffs; ſome to fight
For fame and honour, ſome for ſight.
And now the field of death, the liſts,
Were enter'd by antagoniſts,
And blood was ready to be broach'd;
When Hudibras in haſte approach'd,
With ſquire and weapons to attack 'em:
But firſt thus from his horſe beſpake 'em.
What rage, O citizens! what fury
Doth you to theſe dire actions hurry?
What *oeſtrum*, what phrenetic mood
Makes you thus laviſh of your blood,
While the proud Vies your trophies boaſt
And unreveng'd walks------ghoſt?
What towns, what garriſons might you
With hazard of this blood ſubdue,
Which now y'are bent to throw away

495 *What* oeſtrum, *&c.*] *Oeſtrum* is not only a Greek word for madneſs, but ſignifies alſo a gad-bee or horſe-fly, that torments cattle in the ſummer, and makes them run about as if they were mad.

In vain, untriumphable fray?
Shall ſaints in civil bloodſhed wallow
Of ſaints, and let the cauſe lie fallow?
The cauſe for which we fought and ſwore
So boldly, ſhall we now give o'er?
Then becauſe quarrels ſtill are ſeen
With oaths and ſwearings to begin,
The ſolemn league and covenant
Will ſeem a mere God-dam-me rant;
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as drunkards that fall out.
For as we make war for the King
Againſt himſelf, the ſelf-ſame thing
Some will not ſtick to ſwear we do
For God, and for religion too;
For if bear-baiting we allow,
What good can reformation do?
The blood and treaſure that's laid out,
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are theſe the fruits o' th' proteſtation,
The prototype of reformation,
Which all the ſaints, and ſome, ſince martyrs,
Wore in their hats like wedding-garters,

524 *Wore in their hats*, &c.] Some few days after the King had accuſed the five members of treaſon in the houſe of Commons, great crouds of the rabble came down to Weſtminſterhall, with printed copies of the proteſtation, tied in their hats like favours.

When 'twas reſolv'd by either houſe
Six members quarrel to eſpouſe?
Did they for this draw down the rabble,
With zeal and noiſes formidable;
And make all cries about the town
Join throats to cry the biſhops down?
Who having round begirt the palace,
(As once a month they do the gallows,)
As members gave the ſign about,
Set up their throats with hideous ſhout.
When tinkers bawl'd aloud, to ſettle
Church-diſcipline, for patching kettle:
No ſow-gelder did blow his horn
To geld a cat, but cry'd, *Reform.*
The oyſter-women lock'd their fiſh up,
And trudg'd away, to cry, *No biſhop.*
The mouſe-trap men laid ſave-alls by,
And 'gainſt ev'l counſellors did cry.
Botchers left old cloaths in the lurch,

525 *When 'twas reſolv'd by either houſe,*
Six members quarrel to eſpouſe?

The ſix members were, the Lord Kimbolton, Mr Pym, Mr Hollis, Mr Hambden, Sir Arthur Haſlerig, and Mr Stroud, whom the King ordered to be apprehended, and their papers ſeized, charging them of plotting with the Scots, and favouring the late tumults. But the houſe voted againſt the arreſt of their perſons or papers. Whereupon the King having preferred articles againſt thoſe members, he went with his guard to the houſe to demand them; but they having notice, withdrew.

And fell to turn and patch the church.
Some cry'd the *covenant*, inſtead
Of *pudding-pies*, and *ginger-bread*.
And ſome for *brooms*, *old boots* and *ſhoes*,
Bawl'd out to *Purge the common houſe*.
Inſtead of *kitchen ſtuff*, ſome cry,
A goſpel-preaching miniſtry:
And ſome for *old ſuits*, *coats*, or *cloak*,
No ſurplices, *nor ſervice-book*.
A ſtrange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to reformation.
And is this all? is this the end
To which theſe carr'ngs on did tend?
Hath public faith, like a young heir,
For this ta'en up all ſorts of ware,
And run int' ev'ry tradeſman's book,
Till both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke?
Did ſaints, for this, bring in their plate,
And crowd as if they came too late?
For when they thought the cauſe had need on't,
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
Did they coin piſs-pots, bowls, and flaggons,
Int' officers of horſe and dragoons?
And into pikes and muſqueteers
Stamp-beakers, cups, and porringers?
A thimble, bodkin, and a ſpoon,
Did ſtart up living men, as ſoon
As in the furnace they were thrown,
Juſt like the dragon's teeth b'ing ſown.
Then was the cauſe of gold and plate,
The brethren's off'rings, conſecrate,
Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it

The ſaints fell proſtrate, to adore it:
So ſay the wicked——and will you
Make that ſarcaſmus ſcandal true,
By running after dogs and bears,
Beaſts more unclean than calves or ſteers?
Have pow'rful preachers ply'd their tongues,
And laid themſelves out and their lungs;
Us'd all means, both direct and ſiniſter,
I' th' pow'r of goſpel-preaching miniſter?
Have they invented tones to win
The women, and make them draw in
The men, as Indians with a female
Tame elephant inveigle the male?
Have they told Prov'dence what it muſt do,
Whom to avoid and whom to truſt to;
Diſcover'd th' enemy's deſign,
And which way beſt to countermine?
Preſcrib'd what ways it hath to work,
Or it will ne'er advance the kirk?
Told it the news o'th'laſt expreſs,
And after good or bad ſucceſs,
Made prayers, not ſo like petitions,
As overtures and propoſitions,
(Such as the army did preſent
To their creator th' parliament.)
In which they freely will confeſs,
They will not, cannot acquieſce,

578 *Make that*, &c.] Abuſive or inſulting had been better; but our knight believed the learned languages more convenient to underſtand in, than his own mother tongue.

Unleſs the work be carry'd on
In the ſame way they they have begun,
By ſetting church and common-weal
All on a flame bright as their zeal,
On which the ſaints were all agog,
And all this for a bear and dog?
The parliament drew up petitions
To 'tſelf, and ſent them like commiſſions,
To well-affected perſons down,
In ev'ry city and great town;
With pow'r to levy horſe and men,
Only to bring them back again:
For this did many, many a mile,
Ride manfully in rank and file,
With papers in their hats, that ſhow'd
As if they to the pillory rode.
Have all theſe courſes, theſe efforts,
Been try'd by people of all ſorts,
Velis et remis, omnibus nervis,
And all t' advance the cauſe's ſervice;
And ſhall all now be thrown away
In petulant inteſtine fray?
Shall we that in the cov'nant ſwore,
Each man of us to run before
Another ſtill in reformation,
Give dogs and bears a diſpenſation?
How will diſſenting brethren reliſh it?
What will malignants ſay? *videlicet*,
That each man ſwore to do his beſt,
To damn and perjure all the reſt;
And bid the devil take the hindmoſt
Which at this race is like to win moſt.

They'll ſay our bus'neſs, to reform
The church and ſtate, is but a worm;
For to ſubſcribe, unſight, unſeen,
To an unknown church-diſcipline,
What is it elſe, but beforehand
T' engage, and after underſtand?
For when we ſwore to carry on
The preſent reformation
According to the pureſt mode
Of churches beſt reform'd abroad,
What did we elſe but make a vow
To do we know not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree
Where or what churches theſe ſhould be;
And is indeed the ſelf ſame caſe
With theirs that ſwore *et caetera's*;
Or the French league in which men vow'd
To fight to the laſt drop of blood.
Theſe ſlanders will be thrown upon
The cauſe and work we carry on,

649 *And is indeed the ſelf-ſame caſe*
With theirs that ſwore et caetera's.

The convocation, in one of the ſhort parliaments, that uſhered in the long one, as dwarfs are wont to do knight-errants, made an oath to be taken by the clergy, for obſerving canonical obedience; in which they injoined their brethren, out of the abundance of their conſciences, to ſwear to articles with, *&c.*

651 *Or the French league, in which men vow'd*
To fight to the laſt drop of blood.

If we permit men to run headlong
T' exorbitancies fit for bedlam;
Rather than goſpel-walking times,
When ſlighteſt ſins are greateſt crimes.
But we the matter ſo ſhall handle,
As to remove that odious ſcandal;
In name of king and parliament,
I charge ye all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the peace between
Your brethren and your countrymen;
And to thoſe places ſtraight repair,
Where your reſpective dwellings are.
But to that purpoſe firſt ſurrender
The fiddler, as the prime offender,
Th' incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and engineer of miſchief;
That makes diviſion between friends,
For profane and malignant ends.
He, and that engine of vile noiſe,

The holy league in France, deſigned and made for the extirpation of the Proteſtant religion, was the original, out of which the ſolemn league and covenant here was (with difference only of circumſtances) moſt faithfully tranſcribed. Nor did the ſucceſs of both differ more than the intent and purpoſe; for, after the deſtruction of vaſt numbers of people of all ſorts, both ended with the murder of two kings, whom they had both ſworn to defend; and as our covenanters ſwore every man to run one before another in the way of reformation, ſo did the French in the holy league, to fight to the laſt drop of blood.

On which illegally he plays,
Shall, *dictum factum*, both be brought
To condign puniſhment, as they ought.
This muſt be done, and I would fain ſee
Mortal ſo ſturdy as to gainſay:
For then I'll take another courſe,
And ſoon reduce you all by force.
This ſaid, he clapt his hand on ſword,
To ſhew he meant to keep his word.
But Talgol, who had long ſuppreſt
Inflamed wrath in glowing breaſt,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as flame in furnace,
Thus anſwer'd him: Thou vermin wretched
As e'er in meaſled pork was hatched;
Thou tail of worſhip, that doſt grow
On rump of juſtice as of cow;
How dar'ſt thou with that ſullen luggage
O'th'ſelf, old ir'n, and other baggage,
With which thy ſteed of bones and leather
Has broke his wind in halting hither;
How durſt th', I ſay, adventure thus
T' oppoſe thy lumber againſt us?
Could thine impertinence find out
No work t' employ itſelf about,
Where thou, ſecure from wooden blow,
Thy buſy vanity might'ſt ſhow?
Was no diſpute afoot between
The caterwauling bretheren?
No ſubtle queſtion rais'd among
Thoſe out o'-their wits, and thoſe i'th'wrong;
No prize between thoſe combatants

O'th'times, the land and water ſaints;
Where thou might'ſt ſtickle without hazard
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard;
And not for want of bus'neſs come
To us to be thus troubleſome,
To interrupt our better ſort
Of diſputants, and ſpoil our ſport?
Was there no felony, no bawd,
Cut-purſe, nor burglary abroad;
No ſtolen pig nor plunder'd gooſe,
To tie thee up from breaking looſe?
No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,
For which thou ſtatute might alledge,
To keep the buſy from foul evil,
And ſhame due to thee from the devil?
Did no committee ſit, where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee;
And ſet th' a taſk with ſubornation,
To ſtitch up ſale and ſequeſtration,
To cheat, with holineſs and zeal,
All parties and the common-weal?
Much better had it been for thee,
H' had kept thee where th'art us'd to be;
Or ſent th'on bus'neſs any whither,
So he had never brought thee thither.
But if th' haſt brain enough in ſkull
To keep itſelf in lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of ſtones
And cudgels to thy hide and bones;
Tremble, and vaniſh, while thou may'ſt,
Which I'll not promiſe if thou ſtay'ſt.
At this the Knight grew high in wroth,

And lifting hands and eyes up both,
Three times he ſmote on ſtomach ſtout,
From whence at length theſe words broke out.
Was I for this intitled Sir,
And girt with truſty ſword and ſpur,
For fame and honour to wage battle,
Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle?
Not all that pride that makes thee ſwell
As big as thou doſt blown-up veal;
Nor all thy tricks and ſlights to cheat,
And ſell thy carrion for good meat;
Not all thy magic to repair
Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,
Make nat'ral death appear thy work,
And ſtop the gangrene in ſtale pork;
Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Becauſe by Bullock ne'er withſtood;
Though arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives,
And axes made to hew down lives,
Shall ſave or help thee to evade
The hand of juſtice, or this blade,
Which I, her ſword-bearer, do carry,
For civil deed and military.
Nor ſhall theſe words of venom baſe,
Which thou haſt from their native place,
Thy ſtomach, pump'd to fling on me,
Go unreveng'd, though I am free.
Thou down the ſame throat ſhalt devour 'em,
Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor ſhall it e'er be ſaid, that wight
With gantlet blue, and baſes white,
And round blunt truncheon by his ſide,

So great a man at arms defy'd
With words far bitterer than wormwood,
That would in Job or Grizel ſtir mood.
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,
But men with hands, as thou ſhalt feel.
This ſaid, with haſty rage he ſnatch'd
His gun-ſhot that in holſters watch'd;
And bending cock, he level'd full
Againſt th' outſide of Talgol's ſcull;
Vowing that he ſhou'd ne'er ſtir further,
Nor henceforth cow or bullock murther.
But Pallas came in ſhape of ruſt,
And 'twixt the ſpring and hammer thruſt
Her Gorgon ſhield, which made the cock
Stand ſtiff as 'twere transform'd to ſtock.
Mean while fierce Talgol gath'ring might,
With rugged truncheon, charg'd the knight;
But he with Petronel upheav'd,
Inſtead of ſhield, the blow receiv'd.
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to ſuch a kind of fight,
And ſhrunk from its great maſter's gripe,
Knock'd down and ſtunn'd with mortal ſtripe.
Then Hudibras, with furious haſte,
Drew out his ſword; yet not ſo faſt,
But Talgol firſt with hardy thwack
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back.
But when his nut-brown ſword was out,
With ſtomach huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon.
The truſty cudgel did oppoſe

Itſelf againſt dead-doing blows,
To guard his leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd itſelf again.
And though the ſword, ſome underſtood
In force had much the odds of wood,
'Twas nothing ſo; both ſides were balanc'd
So equal none knew which was valiant'ſt;
For wood with honour b'ing engag'd,
Is ſo implacably enrag'd;
Though iron hew and mangle ſore,
Wood wounds and bruiſes honour more.
And now both Knights were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot purſuits of death;
Whil'ſt all the reſt amaz'd ſtood ſtill,
Expecting which ſhould take or kill.
This Hudibras obſerv'd; and fretting
Conqueſt ſhould be ſo long a-getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body and that into one blow.
But Talgol wiſely avoided it
By cunning ſlight; for had it hit,
The upper part of him, the blow
Had ſlit, as ſure as that below.
Mean while th' incomparable Colon,
To aid his friend, began to fall on:
Him Ralph encounter'd, and ſtraight grew
A diſmal combat 'twixt them two;
Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood,
This fit for bruiſe, and that for blood.
With many a ſtiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang;
While none that ſaw them could divine

To which ſide conqueſt would incline,
Until Magnano, who did envy
That two ſhould with ſo many men vie,
By ſubtle ſtratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where thiſtles grew on barren ground,
In haſte he drew his weapon out,
And having cropt them from the root,
He clapp'd them underneath the tail
Of ſteed, with pricks as ſharp as nail.
The angry beaſt did ſtraight reſent
The wrong done to his fundament,
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if he'd been beſide his ſenſe,
Striving to diſengage from thiſtle
That gall'd him ſorely under his tail:
Inſtead of which he threw the pack
Of ſquire, and baggage from his back;
And blund'ring ſtill with ſmarting rump,
He gave the knight's ſteed ſuch a t'ump
As made him reel. The knight did ſtoop,
And ſat on further ſide aſlope.
This Talgol viewing, who had now
By ſlight eſcap'd the fatal blow,
He rally'd, and again fell to't;
For catching foe by nearer foot,
He lifted with ſuch might and ſtrength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And daſh'd his brains (if any) out;
But Mars, that ſtill protects the ſtout,
In pudding-time came to his aid,

And under him the bear convey'd;
The bear, upon whoſe ſoft fur-gown
The knight with all his weight fell down.
The friendly rug preſerv'd the ground,
And headlong knight, from bruiſe or wound:
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall,
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.
As Sancho on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt; ours far'd as well
In body, though his mighty ſpirit,
B'ing heavy, did not ſo well bear it.
The bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down and worſted by the knight.
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To ſhake off bondage from his ſnout.
His wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from
His jaws of death he threw the foam;
Fury in ſtranger poſtures threw him,
And more than ever herald drew him:
He tore the earth, which he had ſav'd
From ſquelch of knight, and ſtorm'd and rav'd,
And vex'd the more, becauſe the harms
He felt were 'gainſt the law of arms:
For men he always took to be
His friends, and dogs the enemy;
Who never ſo much hurt had done him,
As his own ſide did falling on him:
It griev'd him to the guts, that they
For whom h'ad fought ſo many a fray,
And ſerv'd with loſs of blood ſo long,
Should offer ſuch inhumane wrong;
Wrong of unſoldier-like condition;

For which he flung down his commiſſion;
And laid about him, till his noſe
From thrall of ring and cord broke looſe.
Soon as he felt himſelf enlarg'd,
Through thickeſt of his foes he charg'd,
And made way through th' amazed crew;
Some he o'er-ran, and ſome o'erthrew,
But took none; for by haſty flight
He ſtrove t'eſcape purſuit of knight:
From whom he fled with as much haſte
And dread, as he the rabble chas'd.
In haſte he fled, and ſo did they,
Each and his fear a ſev'ral way.
Crowdero only kept the field,
Not ſtirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down, and wounded ſore,
I' th' fiddle, and a leg that bore
One ſide of him, not that of bone;
But much its better, th' wooden one.
He ſpying Hudibras lie ſtrow'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, ſuppoſed wound,
And loſs of urine, in a ſwound,
In haſte he ſnatch'd the wooden limb
That hurt in th' ancle lay by him,
And fitting it for ſudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the knight;
For getting up on ſtump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
Of Crowd and ſkin upon the wretch,
Sole author of all detriment

He and his fiddle underwent.
But Ralpho (who had now begun
T' adventure reſurrection
From heavy ſquelch, and had got up
Upon his legs with ſprained crup)
Looking about, beheld pernicion
Approaching knight from fell muſician,
He ſnatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his ſteed,
(As rats do from a falling houſe)
To hide itſelf from rage of blows;
And wing'd with ſpeed and fury flew,
To reſcue knight from black and blue.
Which ere he could atchieve, his ſconce
The leg encounter'd twice and once;
And now 'twas rais'd to ſmite again,
When Ralpho thruſt himſelf between.
He took the blow upon his arm,
To ſhield the knight from further harm;
And joining wrath with force beſtow'd
On th' wooden member ſuch a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propt before.
To him the ſquire right nimbly run,
And ſetting conqu'ring foot upon
His trunk, thus ſpoke: What deſp'rate frenzy
Made thee, thou whelp of ſin, to fancy
Thyſelf and all that coward rabble,
T' encounter us in battle able?
How durſt th', I ſay, oppoſe thy curſhip
'Gainſt arms, authority, and worſhip?
And Hudibras, or me provoke,

Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows, as that of wood?
Could not the whipping-poſt prevail
With all its rhet'ric, nor the jail,
To keep from flaying ſcourge thy ſkin,
And ancle free from iron gin?
Which now thou ſhalt——but firſt our care
Muſt ſee how Hudibras does fare.
This ſaid, he gently rais'd the knight,
And ſet him on his bum upright:
To rouſe him from lethargic dump,
He tweak'd his noſe, with gentle thump
Knock'd on his breaſt, as if't had been
To raiſe the ſpirits lodg'd within.
They, waken'd with the noiſe, did fly
From inward room, to window eye,
And gently op'ning lid, the caſement,
Look'd out, but yet with ſome amazement.
This gladded Ralpho much to ſee,
Who thus beſpoke the knight: Quoth he,
Tweaking his noſe, You are, great Sir,
A ſelf-denying conqueror;
As high, victorious, and great,
As e'er fought for the churches yet,
If you will give yourſelf but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That's victory. The foe, for dread
Of your nine-worthineſs, is fled.
All, ſave Crowdero, for whoſe ſake
You did the eſpous'd cauſe undertake:
And he lies pris'ner at your feet,

To be diſpos'd as you think meet,
Either for life, or death, or ſale,
The gallows, or perpetual jail.
For one wink of your pow'rful eye
Muſt ſentence him to live or die.
His fiddle is your proper purchaſe,
Won in the ſervice of the churches;
And by your doom muſt be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a Crowd.
For though ſucceſs did not confer
Juſt title on the conqueror;
Though diſpenſations were not ſtrong
Concluſions, whether right or wrong;
Although outgoings did confirm,
And owning were but a mere term:
Yet as the wicked have no right
To th' creature, though uſurp'd by might,
The property is in the ſaint,
From whom th' injuriouſly detain't;
Of him they hold their luxuries,
Their dogs, their horſes, whores, and dice,
Their riots, revels, maſks, delights,
Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, paraſites,
All which the ſaints have title to,
And ought t'enjoy, if th'had their due.
What we take from them is no more
Than what was ours by right before.
For we are their true landlords ſtill,
And they our tenants but at will.
At this the knight began to rouze,
And by degrees grew valorous.
He ſtar'd about, and ſeeing none

Of all his foes remain, but one,
He ſnatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him;
Vowing to make Crowdero pay
For all the reſt that ran away.
But Ralpho now, in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withſtood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty ſpirit
Is rais'd too high: This ſlave does merit
To be the hangman's bus'neſs, ſooner
Than from your hand to have the honour
Of his deſtruction: I that am
A nothingneſs in deed and name,
Did ſcorn to hurt his forfeit carcaſe,
Or ill intreat his fiddle or caſe:
Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your conqu'ring ſword,
To break a fiddle and your word?
For though I fought, and overcame,
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name.
For great commanders always own
What's proſperous by the ſoldier done.
To ſave, where you have pow'r to kill,
Argues your pow'r above your will;
And that your will and pow'r have leſs
Than both might have of ſelfiſhneſs.
This pow'r, which now alive, with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead,
Would no more keep the ſlave in awe,
Than if you were a knight of ſtraw:
For death would then be his conqueror,

Not you, and free him from that terror.
If danger from his life accrue,
Or honour from his death, to you;
'Twere policy and honour too,
To do as you reſolv'd to do:
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valour much,
To ſay it needs or fears a crutch.
Great conqu'rors greater glory gain
By foes in triumph led, than ſlain:
The laurels that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
And living foes: The greateſt fame
Of cripple ſlain can be but lame.
One half of him's already ſlain,
The other is not worth your pain;
Th' honour can but on one ſide light,
As worſhip did when y' were dubb'd knight.
Wherefore I think it better far,
To keep him priſoner of war;
And let him faſt in bonds abide,
At court of juſtice to be try'd:
Where if h' appear ſo bold or crafty,
'There may be danger in his ſafety:
If any member there diſlike
His face, or to his beard have pique;
Or if his death will ſave or yield,
Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd;
Though he has quarter, ne'ertheleſs
Y' have pow'r to hang him when you pleaſe;
This has been often done by ſome
Of our great conq'rors, you know whom:
And has by moſt of us been held

Wiſe juſtice, and to ſome reveal'd.
For words and promiſes, that yoke
The conqueror, are quickly broke:
Like Samſon's cuffs though by his own
Direction and advice put on.
For if we ſhould fight for the cauſe
By rules of military laws,
And only do what they call juſt,
The cauſe would quickly fall to duſt.
This we among ourſelves may ſpeak;
But to the wicked or the weak,
We muſt be cautious to declare
Perfection-truths, ſuch as theſe are.
This ſaid, the high outrageous mettle
Of Knight began to cool and ſettle.
He lik'd the ſquire's advice, and ſoon
Reſolv'd to ſee the bus'neſs done:
And therefore charg'd him firſt to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place and uſe
The wooden member to reduce;
But force it take an oath before,
Ne'er to bear arms againſt him more.
Ralpho diſpatch'd with ſpeedy haſt,
And having ty'd Crowdero faſt,
He gave Sir Knight the end of cord,
To lead the captive of his ſword
In triumph, whilſt the ſteeds he caught,
And them to further ſervice brought.
The ſquire in ſtate rode on before,
And on his nut-brown whinyard bore
The trophy fiddle and the caſe,

Leaning on ſhoulder like a mace.
The knight himſelf did after ride,
Leading Crowdero by his ſide;
And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
Like boat againſt the tide and wind.
Thus grave and ſolemn they march'd on,
Until quite through the town th' had gone;
At further end of which there ſtands
An ancient caſtle, that commands
Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabric
You ſhall not ſee one ſtone, nor a brick,
But all of wood, by pow'rful ſpell
Of magic made impregnable:
There's neither iron bar nor gate,
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate;
And yet men durance their abide,
In dungeons ſcarce three inches wide;
With roof ſo low, that under it
They never ſtand, but lie or ſit;
And yet ſo foul, that whoſo is in,
Is to the middle leg in priſon;
In circle magical confin'd,
With walls of ſubtile air and wind;
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until they're freed by head of borough.
Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous knight
And bold ſquire from their ſteeds alight.
At th' outward wall, near which there ſtands
A baſtile, built t' impriſon hands;
By ſtrange inchantment made to fetter
The leſſer parts, and free the greater:
For though the body may creep through,

The hands in grate are faſt enough:
And when a circle, 'bout the wriſt
Is made by beadle exorciſt,
The body feels the ſpur and ſwitch,
As if 'twere ridden poſt by witch,
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er ſtirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a ſpire,
On which Sir Knight firſt bids the ſquire,
The fiddle, and its ſpoils, the caſe,
In manner of a trophy, place.
That done, they ope the trap-door-gate,
And let Crowdero down thereat,
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like hermit poor in penſive place,
To dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the ſurvivor of his feet:
But th' other, that had broke the peace,
And head of knighthood, they releaſe,
Though a delinquent falſe and forged,
Yet b'ing a ſtranger, he's enlarged;
While his comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapp'd up faſt in priſon for't.
So Juſtice, while ſhe winkes at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence ſometimes.

CANTO III.

The Argument.

The ſcatter'd rout return and rally,
Surround the place; the knight does ſally,
And is made pris'ner: Then they ſeize
Th' inchanted fort by ſtorm, releaſe
Crowdero, and put the ſquire in's place;
I ſhould have firſt ſaid Hudibras.

AY me! what perils do inviron
The man that meddles with cold iron!
What plaguy miſchiefs and miſhaps
Do dog him ſtill with after-claps!
For though dame Fortune ſeem to ſmile,
And leer upon him for a while;
She'll after ſhew him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
This any man may ſing or ſay,
I' th' ditty call'd, *What if a day:*
For Hudibras, who thought h'had won
The field, as certain as a gun,
And having routed the whole troop,
With victory was cock-a-hoop;
Thinking h'ad done enough to purchaſe
Thankſgiving-day among the churches;
Wherein his mettle and brave worth
Might be explain'd by *holder-forth*,

And regiſter'd by fame eternal,
In deathleſs pages of diurnal;
Found in few minutes to his coſt,
He did but count without his hoſt;
And that a turnſtile is more certain
Than, in events of war, dame fortune.
For now the late faint-hearted rout,
O'erthrown and ſcatter'd round about,
Chas'd by the horror of their fear,
From bloody fray of knight and bear,
(All but the dogs, who in purſuit
Of the knight's victory ſtood to't,
And moſt ignobly fought, to get
The honour of his blood and ſweat),
Seeing the coaſt was free and clear
O' th' conquer'd and the conqueror,
Took heart again, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to ſtand it out:
For by this time the routed bear,
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a ſafe retreat,
Like a bold chieftain fac'd about;
But wiſely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haſte
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd;
Retiring ſtill, until he found
H'had got th' advantage of the ground;
And then as valiantly made head,
To check the foe, and forthwith fled;
Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick
Of warriour ſtout and politic;

Until, in ſpite of hot purſuit,
He gain'd a paſs to hold diſpute
On better terms, and ſtop the courſe
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole body to recoil;
But ſtill their numbers ſo increas'd,
He found himſelf at length oppreſs'd,
And all evaſions ſo uncertain,
To ſave himſelf for better fortune;
That he reſolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And ſell his hide and carcaſe at
A price as high and deſperate
As e'er he could. This reſolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himſelf among
The enemy, i' th' greateſt throng.
But what could ſingle valour do,
Againſt ſo numerous a foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds were ſuch.
But one againſt a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good;
For while one party he oppos'd,
His rear was ſuddenly inclos'd,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight againſt a foe ſo great.
For now the maſtiffs, charging home,
To blows and handy-gripes were come:
While manfully himſelf he bore,
And ſetting his right foot before,

He rais'd himſelf to ſhew how tall
His perſon was above them all.
This equal ſhame and envy ſtirr'd
I' th' enemy, that one ſhould beard
So many warriors, and ſo ſtout,
As he had done, and ſtav'd it out,
Diſdaining to lay down his arms,
And yield on honourable terms.
Enraged thus, ſome in the rear
Attack'd him, and ſome ev'ry where,
Till down he fell; and falling fought,
And, being down, ſtill laid about:
As Widdrington in doleful dumps,
Is ſaid to fight upon his ſtumps.
But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably ſlain,
If Trulla and Cerdon in the nick,
To reſcue him had not been quick:
For Trulla, who was light of foot,
As ſhafts which long-field Parthians ſhoot,
(But not ſo light as to be born
Upon the ears of ſtanding corn,
Or trip it o'er the water quicker
Than witches, when their ſtaves they liquor,
As ſome report) was got among
The foremoſt of the martial throng:
There pitying the vanquiſh'd bear,
She call'd to Cerdon, who ſtood near,
Viewing the bloody fight; to whom,
Shall we, quoth ſhe, ſtand ſtill hum drum,
And ſee ſtout Bruin all alone,
By numbers baſely overthrown;

Such feats already h' has atchiev'd,
In ſtory not to be believ'd;
And 'twould to us be ſhame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off.
I would, quoth he, venture a limb
To ſecond thee and reſcue him:
But then we muſt about it ſtraight,
Or elſe our aid will come too late;
Quarter he ſcorns, he is ſo ſtout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.
This ſaid, they wav'd their weapons round
About their heads, to clear the ground;
And joining forces, laid about
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and ſtraight begun,
As if the devil drove, to run.
Mean-while th' approach'd the place where Bruin
Was now engag'd to mortal ruin:
The conqu'ring foe they now aſſail'd,
Firſt Trulla ſtav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,
Until their maſtives loos'd their hold:
And yet, alas! do what they could,
The worſted bear came off with ſtore
Of bloody wounds, but all before.
For as Achilles, dipt in pond,

134 *Firſt Trulla ſtav'd*, &c.] *Staving* and *tailing* are terms of art uſed in the Bear-garden, and ſignify there only the parting of dogs and bears: though they are uſed metaphorically in ſeveral other profeſſions, for moderating; as law, divinity, hectoring, &c.

Was anabaptiz'd free from wound,
Made proof againſt deed-doing ſteel
All over, but the Pagan heel:
So did our champion's arms defend
All of him, but the other end:
His head and ears, which in the martial
Encounter loſt a leathern parcel.
For as an Auſtrian Archduke once
Had one ear (which in ducatoons
Is half the coin) in battle par'd
Cloſe to his head: So bruin far'd:
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other ſide,
Like ſcriv'ner newly crucify'd;
Or like the late corrected leathern
Ears of the circumciſed brethren.
But gentle Trulla, into th' ring
He wore in's noſe, convey'd a ſtring,
With which ſhe march'd before, and led
The warior to a graſſy bed,
As authors write, in a cool ſhade,
Which eglantine and roſes made;
Cloſe by a ſoftly murm'ring ſtream,
Where lovers us'd to loll and dream,
There leaving him to his repoſe,
Secured from purſuit of foes,

153 *Or like the late corrected leathern*
Ears of the circumciſed brethren.

Pryn, Baſtwick, and Burton, who laid down their ears as proxies for their profeſſion of the godly party, not long after maintained their right and title to the pillory, to be as good and lawful as theirs who firſt of all took poſſeſſion of it in their names.

And wanting nothing but a ſong,
And a well-tun'd Theorbo hung
Upon a bough, to eaſe the pain
His tugg'd ears ſuffer'd; with a ſtrain
They both drew up, to march in queſt
Of his great leader, and the reſt.

For Orſin (who was more renown'd
For ſtout maintaining of his ground
In ſtanding fight, than for purſuit,
As being not ſo quick of foot)
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that purſu'd the chaſe;
But found himſelf left far behind,
Both out of heart, and out of wind;
Griev'd to behold his bear purſu'd
So baſely by a multitude;
And like to fall, not by the proweſs,
But numbers of his coward foes.
He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for loſs of Hylas;
Forcing the valleys to repeat
The accents of his ſad regret.
He beat his breaſt, and tore his hair,
For loſs of his dear crony bear:
That Echo, from the hollow ground,
His doleful wailings did reſound
More wiſtfully, by many times,
Than in ſmall poets ſplay-foot rhymes,
That make her, in their rueful ſtories,
To anſwer to int'rrogatories,
And moſt unconſcionably depoſe
To things of which ſhe nothing knows:

And when ſhe has ſaid all ſhe can ſay,
'Tis wreſted to the lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled to my------Echo, *Ruin?*
I thought th' had'ſt ſcorn'd to budge a ſtep,
For fear. Quoth Echo, *Marry guep.*
Am not I here to take thy part?
Then what has quell'd thy ſtubborn heart?
Have theſe bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear ſake. Quoth ſhe, *Mum budget.*
Think'ſt thou 'twill not be laid i'th'diſh
Thou turn'ſt thy back? Quoth Echo, *Piſh.*
To run from thoſe th' had'ſt overcome
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, *Mum.*
But what a vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine enemy?
Or if thou haſt no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet ſhame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grutch to ſpend his blood in
His honour's cauſe? Quoth ſhe, *A puddin,*
This ſaid his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly boſom burn'd;
Thirſt of revenge, and wrath, in place
Of ſorrow now began to blaze.
He vow'd the authors of his woe
Should equal vengeance undergo;
And with their bones and fleſh pay dear
For what he ſuffer'd, and his bear.

This b'ing reſolv'd, with equal ſpeed
And rage he haſted to proceed
To action ſtraight, and giving o'er
To ſearch for Bruin any more,
He went in queſt of Hudibras
To find him out where'er he was;
And, if he were above ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.
But ſcarce he had a furlong on
This reſolute adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that crew
Whom Hudibras did late ſubdue.
Honour, revenge, contempt, and ſhame,
Did equally their breaſts inflame.
'Mong theſe the fierce Magnano was,
And Talgol, foe to Hudibras:
Cerdon and Colon, warriors ſtout,
And reſolute, as ever fought:
Whom furious Orſin thus beſpoke.
Shall we, quoth he, thus baſely brook
The vile affront that paltry aſs
And feeble ſcoundrel, Hudibras,
With that more paltry ragamuffin,
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
Have put upon us, like tame cattle,
As if th'd routed us in battle?
For my part, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid,
I for the waſhing gave my head:
Nor did I turn my back for fear
O'th'raſcals, but loſs of my bear,
Which now I'm like to undergo;
For whether thoſe fell wounds, or no,

He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
Is more than all my ſkill can foretel;
Nor do I know what is become
Of him more than the pope of Rome.
But if I can but find them out
That caus'd it, (as I ſhall no doubt,
Where'er th'in hugger-mugger lurk,)
I'll make them rue their handy-work;
And wiſh that they had rather dar'd
To pull the devil by the beard.
Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orſin, th'haſt
Great reaſons to do as thou ſay'ſt,
And ſo has ev'ry body here,
As well as thou haſt, or thy bear.
Others may do as they ſee good;
But if this twig be made of wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur;
And t' other mungrel vermin, Ralph,
That brav'd us all in his behalf.
Thy bear is ſafe and out of peril,
Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill;
Myſelf and Trulla made a ſhift
To help him out at a dead lift;
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's ſafe enough:
There let him reſt; for if we ſtay,
The ſlaves may hap to get away.
This ſaid, they all engag'd to join
Their forces in the ſame deſign:
And forthwith put themſelves in ſearch
Of Hudibras upon their march.

Where leave we them a while to tell
What the victorious knight befel;
For ſuch, Crowdero being faſt
In dungeon ſhut, we left him laſt.
Triumphant laurels ſeem to grow
No where ſo green as on his brow:
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conqu'ring toil, he now retir'd
Into a neighb'ring caſtle by,
To reſt his body, and apply
Fit med'cines to each glorious bruiſe
He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues,
To mollify th' uneaſy pang
Of ev'ry honourable bang,
Which be'ng by ſkilful midwife dreſt,
He laid him down to take his reſt.
But all in vain. He'd got a hurt
O' th' inſide, of a deadlier ſort,
By Cupid made, who took his ſtand
Upon a widow's jointure land,
(For he, in all his am'rous battles,
No'dvantage finds like goods and chattles),
Drew home his bow, and aiming right,
Let fly an arrow at the knight;
The ſhaft againſt a rib did glance,
And gall'd him in the purtenance;
But time had ſomewhat 'ſwag'd his pain,
After he found his ſuit in vain.
For that proud dame, for whom his ſoul
Was burnt in's belly like a coal,
(That belly that ſo oft did ake,
And ſuffer griping for her ſake;

Till purging comfits and ants eggs
Had almoſt brought him off his leggs,)
Us'd him ſo like a baſe raſcalion,
That old Pyg------(what d'y' call him) malion,
That cut his miſtreſs out of ſtone,
Had not ſo hard a hearted one,
She had a thouſand jadiſh tricks,
Worſe than a mule that flings and kicks;
'Mong which one croſs-grain'd freak ſhe had,
As inſolent as ſtrange and mad:
See could love none but only ſuch
As ſcorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a ſtrange riddle of a lady,
Not love, if any lov'd her: Hey day!
So cowards never uſe their might,
But againſt ſuch as will not fight.
So ſome diſeaſes have been found
Only to ſeize upon the ſound.
He that gets her by heart, muſt ſay her
The back way, like a witch's prayer.

328 *That old*, &c.] Pygmalion, King of Tyre, was the ſon of Margenus or Mechres, whom he ſucceeded, and lived 56 years, whereof he reigned 47. Dido, his ſiſter, was to have governed with him; but it was pretended the ſubjects thought it not convenient: She married Sicheus, who was the king's uncle, and very rich; wherefore he put him to death; and Dido ſoon after departed the kingdom. Poets ſay, Pygmalion was puniſhed for the hatred he bore to women, with the love he had to a ſtatue.

Mean while the knight had no ſmall taſk,
To compaſs what he durſt not aſk:
He loves, but dares not make the motion;
Her ignorance is his devotion:
Like caitiff vile, that for miſdeed
Rides with his face to rump of ſteed;
Or rowing ſcull, he's fain to love,
Look one way and another move:
Or like a tumbler, that does play
His game, and look another way,
Until he ſeize upon the coney:
Juſt ſo does he by matrimony.
But all in vain; her ſubtle ſnout
Did quickly wind his meaning out;
Which ſhe return'd with too much ſcorn
To be by man of honour born:
Yet much he bore, until the diſtreſs
He ſuffer'd from his ſpiteful miſtreſs,
Did ſtir his ſtomach, and the pain
He had endur'd from her diſdain,
Turn'd to regret, ſo reſolute,
That he reſolv'd to wave his ſuit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play leaſt in ſight.
This reſolution b'ing put on,
He kept ſome months, and more had done;
But being brought ſo nigh by fate,
The victory he atchiev'd ſo late
Did ſet his thoughts agog, and ope
A door to diſcontinu'd hope,
That ſeem'd to promiſe he might win
His dame too, now his hand was in;

And that his valour, and the honour
H' had newly gain'd might work upon her:
Theſe reaſons made his mouth to water
With am'rous longings to be at her.
Quoth he unto himſelf. Who knows
But this brave conqueſt o'er my foes
May reach her heart, and make that ſtoop,
As I but now have forc'd the troop?
If nothing can oppugn love
And virtue invious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do
That brings both love and virtue too?
But thou bring'ſt valour too and wit,
Two things that ſeldom fail to hit.
Valour's a mouſe-trap, wit a gin,
Which women oft are taken in.
Then, Hudibras, why ſhouldſt thou fear
To be, that art a conqueror?
Fortune th' audacious doth *juvare*,
But lets the timidous miſcarry.
Then while the honour thou haſt got
Is ſpick and ſpan new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hadſt beſt,
And truſt thy fortune with the reſt.
Such thoughts as theſe the knight did keep,
More than his bangs, or fleas, from ſleep.
And as an owl that in a barn
Sees a mouſe creeping in the corn,
Sits ſtill, and ſhuts his round blue eyes,
As if he ſlept, until he ſpies
The little beaſt within his reach,
Then ſtarts, and ſeizes on the wretch:

So from his couch the knight did ſtart,
To ſeize upon the widow's heart,
Crying with haſty tone, and hoarſe,
Ralpho, diſpatch, To horſe, to horſe.
And 'twas but time; for now the rout,
We left engag'd to ſeek him out,
By ſpeedy marches were advanc'd
Up to the fort where he enſconc'd;
And all th' avenues had poſſeſt
About the place, from eaſt to weſt.
That done, a while they made a halt,
To view the ground, and where t' aſſault:
Then call'd a council, which was beſt,
By ſiege or onſlaught, to inveſt
The enemy; and 'twas agreed,
By ſtorm and onſlaught to proceed.
This b'ing reſolv'd, in comely ſort
They now drew up t' attack the fort;
When Hudibras, about to enter
Upon another-gates adventure,
To Ralpho call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching ſtorm.
Whether Dame Fortune, or the care
Of angel bad, or tutelar,
Did arm, or thruſt him on a danger,
To which he was an utter ſtranger;
That foreſight might, or might not blot
The glory he had newly got;
Or to his ſhame it might be ſaid,
They took him napping in his bed:
To them we leave it to expound,
That deal in ſciences profound.

His courſer ſcarce he had beſtrid,
And Ralpho that on which he rid,
When ſetting ope the poſtern gate,
Which they thought beſt to ſally at,
The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the field.
This ſomewhat ſtartled the bold knight,
Surpris'd with th' unexpected ſight:
The bruiſes of his bones and fleſh
He thought began to ſmart afreſh:
'Till recollecting wonted courage,
His fear was ſoon converted to rage,
And thus he ſpoke: The coward foe,
Whom we but now gave quarter to,
Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears
As if they had outrun their fears;
The glory we did lately get,
The fates command us to repeat;
And to their wills we muſt ſuccumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.
This is the ſame numeric crew
Which we ſo lately did ſubdue;
The ſelf-ſame individuals, that
Did run, as mice do from a cat,
When we courageouſly did wield
Our martial weapons in the field,
To tug for victory: And when
We ſhall our ſhining blades again
Brandiſh in terror o'er our heads,
They'll ſtraight reſume their wonted dreads:
Fear is an ague, that forſakes
And haunts by fits thoſe whom it takes:

And they'll opine they feel the pain
And blows they felt to-day, again.
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.
  This ſaid, his courage to inflame,
He call'd upon his miſtreſs' name,
His piſtol next he cock'd anew,
And out his nut-brown whinyard drew:
And, placing Ralpho in the front,
Reſerv'd himſelf to bear the brunt;
As expert warriors uſe, then ply'd
With iron heel his courſer's ſide,
Conveying ſympathetic ſpeed
From heel of knight to heel of ſteed.
  Mean while the foe, with equal rage
And ſpeed, advancing to engage,
Both parties now were drawn ſo cloſe,
Almoſt to come to handy-blows:
When Orſin firſt let fly a ſtone
At Ralpho; not ſo huge a one
As that which Diomede did maul
Æneas on the bum withal;
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have ſent him to another world,
Whether above ground, or below,
Which ſaints twice dipt are deſtin'd to.
The danger ſtartled the bold ſquire,
And made him ſome few ſteps retire.
But Hudibras advanc'd to's aid,
And rous'd his ſpirits half diſmay'd:
He wiſely doubting leſt the ſhot
O' th' enemy, now growing hot,

Might at a diſtance gall, preſs'd cloſe,
To come pell-mell to handy blows,
And, that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd ſtill in an oblique line;
But prudently forebore to fire,
Till breaſt to breaſt he had got nigher:
As expert warriors uſe to do,
When hand to hand they charge their foe.
This order th' advent'rous knight,
Moſt ſoldier-like, obſerv'd in fight,
When Fortune, as ſhe's wont, turn'd fickle,
And for the foe began to ſtickle.
The more ſhame for her Goodyſhip,
To give ſo near a friend the ſlip.
For Colon, chuſing out a ſtone,
Levell'd ſo right, it thump'd upon
His manly paunch, with ſuch a force,
As almoſt beat him off his horſe.
He loos'd his whinyard, and the rein;
But laying faſt hold on the mane,
Preſerv'd his ſeat: and as a gooſe
In death contracts his talons cloſe;
So did the knight, and with one claw
The tricker of his piſtol draw.
The gun went off, and as it was
Still fatal to ſtout Hudibras,
In all his feats of arms, when leaſt
He dream'd of it, to proſper beſt;
So now he far'd: The ſhot let fly
At random 'mong the enemy,
Pierc'd Talgol's gabberdine, and grazing
Upon his ſhoulder in the paſſing,

Lodg'd in Magnano's braſs habergeon,
Who ſtraight *A ſurgeon* cry'd, *A ſurgeon*:
He tumbled down, and as he fell,
Did *Murder, murder, murder* yell.
This ſtartled their whole body ſo,
That if the knight had not let go
His arms, but been in warlike plight,
H'had won, the ſecond time, the fight.
As, if the ſquire had but fall'n on,
He had inevitably done:
But he, diverted with the care
Of Hudibras his hurt, forbare
To preſs th' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the reſt diſhearten.
For he with Cerdon b'ing engag'd
In cloſe encounter, they both wag'd
The fight ſo well, 'twas hard to ſay
Which ſide was like to get the day.
And now the buſy work of death
Had tir'd them ſo, th' agreed to breath,
Preparing to renew the fight;
When the diſaſter of the knight
And th' other party did divert
Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.
Ralpho preſs'd up to Hudibras,
And Cerdon where Magnano was;
Each ſtriving to confirm his party
With ſtout encouragements, and hearty.
Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let revenge and honour ſtir
Your ſpirits up; once more fall on,
The ſhatter'd foe begins to run;

For if but half ſo well you knew
To uſe your victory as ſubdue,
They durſt not, after ſuch a blow
As you have giv'n them, face us now;
But from ſo formidable a ſoldier
Had fled like crows when they ſmell powder.
Thrice have they ſeen your ſword aloft
Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft.
But if you let them recollect
Their ſpirits, now diſmay'd and check'd,
You'll have a harder game to play
Than yet y'have had, to get the day.
Thus ſpoke the ſtout ſquire; but was heard
By Hudibras with ſmall regard.
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than Ralph's harangue;
To which he anſwer'd, Cruel fate
Tells me thy counſel comes too late.
The clotted blood within my hoſe,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal criſis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.
I am for action now unfit,
Either of fortitude or wit.
Fortune my foe begins to frown,
Reſolv'd to pull my ſtomach down.
I am not apt, upon a wound
Or trivial baſting, to deſpond:
Yet I'd be loath my days to curtail;
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that we'd time enough as yet
To make an hon'rable retreat;

'Twere the beſt courſe: But if they find
We fly, and leave our arms behind,
For them to ſeize on; the diſhonour,
And danger too, is ſuch, I'll ſooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
To let them ſee I am no ſtarter.
In all the trade of war, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat:
For thoſe that run away, and fly,
Take place at leaſt o' th' enemy.
This ſaid, the ſquire with active ſpeed
Diſmounted from his bonny ſteed;
To ſeize the arms, which by miſchance
Fell from the bold knight in a trance.
Theſe being found out, and reſtor'd
To Hudibras their nat'ral lord,
As a man may ſay, with might and main
He haſted to get up again.
Thrice he eſſay'd to mount aloft,
But, by his weighty bum, as oft
He was pull'd back, till having found
Th' advantage of the riſing ground,
Thither he led his warlike ſteed,
And having plac'd him right, with ſpeed
Prepar'd again to ſcale the beaſt:
When Orſin, who had newly dreſt
The bloody ſcar upon the ſhoulder
Of Talgol, with Promethean powder,
And now was ſearching for the ſhot
That laid Magnano on the ſpot,
Beheld the ſturdy ſquire aforeſaid
Preparing to climb up his horſe-ſide:

He left his cure, and laying hold
Upon his arms, with courage bold,
Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begin to rally;
Let us, that are unhurt and whole,
Fall on, and happy man be's dole.
This ſaid, like to a thunderbolt
He flew with fury to th' aſſault,
Striving th' enemy to attack
Before he reach'd his horſe's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his beaſt with active vaulting,
Wriggling his body to recover
His ſeat, and caſt his right leg over;
When Orſin ruſhing in, beſtow'd
On horſe and man ſo heavy a load,
The beaſt was ſtartled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough ſquire like a ſack,
Or ſtout king Richard, on his back:
Till ſtumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and caſt into a ſwoon.
Meanwhile the knight began to rouſe
The ſparkles of his wonted proweſs:
He thruſt his hand into his hoſe,
And found both by his eyes and noſe,
'Twas only choler, and not blood,
That from his wounded body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the ſquire,
Inflam'd him with deſpiteful ire:
Courageouſly he fac'd about,
And drew his other piſtol out;

And now had half-way bent the cock,
When Cerdon gave ſo fierce a ſhock,
With ſturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm:
Then ſtoutly preſſing on with ſpeed,
Eſſay'd to pull him off his ſteed.
The knight his ſword had only left,
With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
Or at the leaſt cropt off a limb,
But Orſin came, and reſcu'd him.
He with his lance attack'd the knight
Upon his quarters oppoſite.
But as a bark, that in foul weather,
Toſs'd by two adverſe winds together,
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to:
So far'd the knight between two foes,
And knew not which of them t'oppoſe;
Till Orſin, charging with his lance
At Hudibras, by ſpiteful chance,
Hit Cerdon ſuch a bang, as ſtunn'd
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the knight began to chear up,
And raiſing up himſelf on ſtirrup,
Cry'd out, *Victoria!* Lie thou there,
And I ſhall ſtraight diſpatch another
To bear thee company in death:
But firſt I'll halt a while, and breath.
As well he might; for Orſin, griev'd
At th' wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,
Ran to relieve him with his lore,
And cure the hurt he gave before.

Mean while the knight had wheel'd about,
To breathe himſelf, and next find out,
Th' advantage of the ground, where beſt
He might the ruffl'd foe infeſt.
This b'ing reſolv'd, he ſpurr'd his ſteed,
To run at Orſin with full ſpeed,
While he was buſy in the care
Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware:
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy:
And ſeeing th' enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and ſtood upon his guard.
Then like a warrior right expert
And ſkilful in the martial art,
The ſubtle knight ſtraight made a halt,
And judg'd it beſt to ſtay th' aſſault,
Until he had reliev'd the ſquire,
And then, in order, to retire;
Or, as occaſion ſhould invite,
With forces join'd renew the fight.
Ralpho, by this time diſentranc'd,
Upon his bum himſelf advanc'd,
Though ſorely bruis'd; his limbs all o'er
With ruthleſs bangs were ſtiff and ſore:
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone;
When Hudibras to aid him came.
Quoth he, and call'd him by his name,
Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more, as conquerors,
Have both the field and honour won;
The foe is profligate and run:

I mean all ſuch as can, for ſome
This hand hath ſent to their long home;
And ſome lie ſprauling on the ground,
With many a gaſh and bloody wound.
Caeſar himſelf could never ſay
He got two vict'ries in a day,
As I have done, that can ſay, twice I
In one day, *veni, vidi, vici.*
The foe's ſo numerous, that we
Cannot ſo often *vincere,*
As they *perire,* and yet enough
Be left to ſtrike an after-blow;
Then, leſt they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the bus'neſs o'er,
Get up and mount thy ſteed, diſpatch,
And let us both their motions watch.
Quoth Ralph, I ſhould not if I were
In caſe for action now be here;
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An arſe, for fear of being bang'd.
It was for you I got theſe harms,
Advent'ring to fetch off your arms.
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,
Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
My limbs of ſtrength: Unleſs you ſtoop,
And reach your hands to pull me up,
Shall lie here, and be a prey
To thoſe who now are run away.
That thou ſhalt not, quoth Hudibras;
We read the ancients held it was
More honourable far, *ſervare*
Civem, then ſlay an aderſary;
The one we oft to day have done,

The other ſhall diſpatch anon:
And though th'art of a different church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.
This ſaid, he jogg'd his good ſteed nigher,
And ſteer'd him gently tow'rd the ſquire,
Then bowing down his body, ſtretch'd
His hands out, and at Ralpho reach'd;
When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like lightening behind.
She had been long in ſearch about
Magnano's wound, to find it out;
But could find none, nor where the ſhot
That had ſo ſtartled him, was got.
But having found the worſt was paſt,
She fell to her own work at laſt,
The pillage of the priſoners,
Which in all feats of arms was hers:
And now to plunder Ralph ſhe flew,
When Hudibras his hard fate drew
To ſuccour him; for, as he bow'd
To help him up, ſhe laid a load
Of blows ſo heavy, and plac'd ſo well,
On t'other ſide, that down he fell.
Yield, ſcoundrel baſe (quoth ſhe) or die;
Thy life is mine, and liberty:
But if thou think'ſt I took thee tardy,
And dar'ſt preſume to be ſo hardy,
To try thy fortune o'er afreſh,
I'll wave my title to thy fleſh,
Thy arms and baggage now my right:
And if thou haſt the heart to try't,
I'll lend thee back thyſelf a while,

And once more for that careaſe vile,
Fight upon tick.——Quoth Hudibras,
Thou offer'ſt nobly, valiant laſs,
And I ſhall take thee at thy word.
Firſt let me riſe and take my ſword:
That ſword which has ſo oft this day
Through ſquadrons of my foes made way,
And ſome to other worlds diſpatch'd,
Now with a feeble ſpinſter match'd,
Will bluſh with blood ignoble ſtain'd,
By which no honour's to be gain'd.
But if thou'lt take m'advice in this,
Conſider, whilſt thou may'ſt, what 'tis
To interrupt a victor's courſe,
B'oppoſing ſuch a trivial force:
For if with conqueſt I come off,
(And that I ſhall do ſure enough)
Quarter thou canſt not have, nor grace
By law of arms in ſuch a caſe;
Both which I now do offer freely.
I ſcorn, quoth ſhe, thou coxcomb ſilly,
(Clapping her hand upon her breech,
To ſhow how much ſhe priz'd his ſpeech,)
Quarter, or counſel from a foe:
If thou canſt force me to it, do.
But, leſt it ſhould again be ſaid,
When I have once more won thy head,
I took thee napping, unprepar'd,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.
This ſaid, ſhe to her tackle fell,
And on the knight let fall a peal
Of blows ſo fierce, and preſs'd ſo home,

That he retir'd, and follow'd's bum.
Stand to't, quoth ſhe, or yield to mercy;
It is not fighting arſie-verſie
Shall ſerve thy turn.——This ſtirr'd his ſpleen
More than the danger he was in,
The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Although th' already made him reel;
Honour, deſpite, revenge, and ſhame,
At once into his ſtomach came;
Which fir'd it ſo, he rais'd his arm
Above his head, and rain'd a ſtorm
Of blows ſo terrible and thick,
As if he meant to haſh her quick.
But ſhe upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diverſion broke them,
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with uſury:
Which long ſhe fail'd not of; for now
The knight with one deed-doing blow
Reſolving to decide the fight,
And ſhe with quick and cunning ſlight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was ſo great,
As almoſt ſway'd him to the ground.
No ſooner ſhe th' advantage found,
But in ſhe flew; and ſeconding
With home-made thruſt the heavy ſwing,
She laid him flat upon his ſide;
And mounting on his trunk aſtride,
Quoth ſhe, I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, baſe ſcum.
Say, will the law of arms allow
I may have grace and quarter now?

Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
And ſtain thine honour, than thy ſword?
A man of war to damn his ſoul,
In baſely breaking his parole;
And when before th' fight, th'hadſt vow'd
To give no quarter in cold blood:
Now thou haſt got me for a Tartar,
To make me 'gainſt my will take quarter.
Why doſt not put me to the ſword,
But cowardly fly from thy word?
  Quoth Hudibras, The day's thine own;
Thou and thy ſtars have caſt me down:
My laurels are tranſplanted now,
And flouriſh on thy conqu'ring brow:
My loſs of honour's great enough,
Thou need'ſt not brand it with a ſcoff:
Sarcaſms may ec ipſe thine own,
But cannot blur my loſt renown:
I am not now in fortune's pow'r;
He that is down can fall no lower.
The ancient heroes were illuſtrious
For being benign, and not bluſtrous,
Againſt a vanquiſh'd foe; their ſwords
Were ſharp and trenchant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out
T' employ their courteſies about.
  Quoth ſhe, Although thou haſt deſerv'd,
Baſe ſlubberdegullion to be ſerv'd
As thou didſt vow to deal with me,
If thou hadſt got the victory;
Yet I ſhall rather act a part
That ſuits my fame than thy deſert.

Thy arms, thy liberty, beſide
All that's on th'outſide of thy hide,
Are mine by military law,
Of which I will not bate one ſtraw:
The reſt, thy life and limbs once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I reſtore.
Quoth Hudibras, It is too late
For me to treat, or ſtipulate;
What thou command'ſt, I muſt obey.
Yet thoſe whom I expugn'd to-day,
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too;
Both dogs and bear, upon their parole,
Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.
Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was't not thou
That gave Crowdero quarter too?
Crowdero, whom in irons bound,
Thou baſely threw'ſt into Lob's pound,
Where ſtill he lies, and with regret
His gen'rous bowels rage and fret:
But now thy carcaſe ſhall redeem,
And ſerve to be exchang'd for him.
This ſaid, the knight did ſtraight ſubmit,
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he diſrob'd his gaberdine,
And with it did himſelf reſign.
She took it, and forthwith diveſting
The mantle that ſhe wore, ſaid jeſting,
Take that, and wear it for my ſake;
Then threw it o'er his ſturdy back.

And as the French we conquer'd once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches, and the gathers,
Port-cannons, periwigs, and feathers;
Juſt ſo the proud inſulting laſs
Array'd and dighted Hudibras.
Mean while the other champions, yerſt
In hurry of the fight diſperſt,
Arriv'd when Trulla won the day,
To ſhare i'th'honour and the prey,
And out of Hudibras his hide
With vengeance to be ſatisfy'd;
Which now they were about to pour

923 *And as the French we conquer'd once,*
Now give us laws for pantaloons, &c.

Pantaloons and port-cannons, were ſome of the fantaſtic faſhions wherein we aped the French.

At quiſquis inſula ſatus Britannica
Sic patriam inſolens faſtidiet ſuam,
Ut more ſimiae laboret ſingere,
Et aemulari Gallicas ineptias,
Ex amne Gallo ego hunc opinor ebrium;
Ergo ex Britanno ut Gallus eſſe nititur,
Sic, Dii, jubete, fiat ex Gallo capus.

Thomas More.

Gallus is a river in Phrygia, riſing out of the mountains of Celenae, and diſcharging itſelf into the river Sanger; the water of which is of that admirable quality, that being moderately drank, it purges the brain, and cures madneſs; but largely drank, it makes men frantic. *Pliny, Horace.*

Upon him in a wooden ſhow'r.
But Trulla thruſt herſelf between,
And ſtriding o'er his back again,
She brandiſh'd o'er her head his ſword,
And vow'd they ſhould not break her word;
Sh'had giv'n him quarter, and her blood
Or theirs ſhould make that quarter good.
For ſhe was bound by law of arms
To ſee him ſafe from farther harms.
In dungeon deep Crowdero caſt
By Hudibras, as yet lay faſt;
Where, to the hard and ruthleſs ſtones,
His great heart made perpetual moans:
Him ſhe reſolv'd that Hudibras
Should ranſom, and ſupply his place.
This ſtopt their fury and the baſting
Which towards Hudibras was haſting.
They thought it was but juſt and right,
That what ſhe had atchiev'd in fight,
She ſhould diſpoſe of how ſhe pleas'd;
Crowdero ought to be releas'd:
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this ſhe pitch'd upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they reſolv'd t' engage in.
The knight and ſquire firſt they made
Riſe from the ground where they were laid;
Then mounted both upon their horſes,
But with their faces to the arſes,
Orſin led Hudibras's beaſt,
And Talgol that which Ralpho preſt;
Whom ſtout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,

And Colon waited as a guard on;
All uſh'ring Trulla in the rear,
With th' arms of either priſoner.
In this proud order and array
They put themſelves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' inchanted caſtle,
Where ſtout Crowdero in durance lay ſtill.
Thither with greater ſpeed, than ſhows
And triumph over conquer'd foes
Do uſe t' allow; or than the bears,
Or pageants borne before lord mayors,
Are wont to uſe, they ſoon arriv'd
In order, ſoldier-like contriv'd;
Still marching in a warlike poſture,
As fit for battle as for muſter.
The knight and ſquire they firſt unhorſe,
And bending 'gainſt the fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the magical redoubt.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the reſt to enter.
For he was ſkilful in black art,
No leſs than he that built the fort:
And with an iron mace laid flat
A breach, which ſtraight all enter'd at;
And in the wooden dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground.
Him they releaſe from durance baſe,
Reſtor'd t'his fiddle and his caſe,
And liberty, his thirſty rage
With luſcious vengeance to aſſwage:
For he no ſooner was at large,

But Trulla ſtraight brought on the charge,
And in the ſelf-ſame limbo put
The knight and ſquire, where he was ſhut.
Where leaving them in Hockley i' th' Hole,
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
Inchanted manſion to know ſorrow;
In the ſame order and array
Which they advanc'd, they march'd away.
But Hudibras, who ſcorn'd to ſtoop
To fortune, or be ſaid to droop;
Chear'd up himſelf with ends of verſe,
And ſayings of philoſophers.
Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind,
Is *ſui juris*, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
Whate'er the other moiety feels.
'Tis not reſtraint or liberty,
That makes men priſoners or free;
But perturbations that poſſeſs
The mind, or equanimities.
The whole world was not half ſo wide
To Alexander, when he cry'd,
Becauſe he had but one to ſubdue,
As was a paltry narrow tub to
Diogenes; who is not ſaid
(For aught that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and ſob,
Becauſe h'had ne'er another tub.
The ancients make two ſev'ral kinds
Of proweſs in heroic minds,
The active, and the paſſive valiant;

Both which are *pari libra* gallant:
For both to give blows, and to carry,
In fights are equinecessary;
But in defeats, the passive stout
Are always found to stand it out
Most desp'rately, and to outdo
The active 'gainst a conqu'ring foe.
Though we with blacks and blues are suggil'd,
Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgell'd;
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by't.
Honour's a lease for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant: 'Tis a chattle
Not to be forfeited in battle.
If he that in the field is slain,
Be in the bed of honour lain;
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in honour's truckle-bed.
For as we see th' eclipsed sun
By mortals is more gaz'd upon,
Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
He shines in serene sky most bright;
So valour in a low estate,
Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.
Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow;
But none that see how here we sit,
Will judge us overgrown with wit.
As gifted brethren, preaching by
A carnal hour-glass, do imply
Illumination can convey

Into them what they have to ſay,
But not how much; ſo well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off:
For who without a cap and bauble,
Having ſubdu'd a bear and rabble,
And might with honour have come off,
Would put it to a ſecond proof?
A politic exploit, right fit
For Preſbyterian zeal and wit.
Quoth Hudibras, That cuckow's tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'ſt upon:
When thou at any thing wouldſt rail,
Thou mak'ſt Preſbytery thy ſcale
To take the height on't, and explain
To what degree it is profane;
Whats'ever will not with (thy what d'ye call)
Thy light jump right, thou call'ſt *ſynodical*.
As if Preſbytery were a ſtandard,
To ſize whats'ever's to be ſlander'd.
Doſt not remember how this day
Thou to my beard waſt bold to ſay,
That thou couldſt prove bear-baiting equal
With ſynods, orthodox and legal?
Do, if thou canſt; for I deny't,
And dare thee to't with all thy light.
Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to do,
That has but any guts in's brains,
And could believe it worth his pains.
But ſince you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've light enough to do it.
Synods are myſtical bear-gardens,

Where elders, deputies, church-wardens,
And other members of the court
Manage the Babyloniſh ſport.
For prolocutor, ſcribe, and bear-ward,
Do differ only in a mere word.
Both are but ſev'ral ſynagogues
Of carnal men, and bears and dogs:
Both antichriſtian aſſemblies,
To mischief bent as far's in them lies:
Both ſtave and tail, with fierce conteſts,
The one with men, the other beaſts.
The diff'rence is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth;
And that they bait but bears in this,
In t'other ſouls and conſciences;
Where ſaints themſelves are brought to ſtake
For goſpel-light and conſcience ſake;
Expos'd to ſcribes and presbyters,
Inſtead of maſtive dogs and curs:
Than whom th'have leſs humanity,
For theſe at ſouls of men will fly.
This to the prophet did appear,
Who in a viſion ſaw a bear,
Prefiguring the beaſtly rage
Of church-rule, in this latter age:
As is demonſtrated at full
By him that baited the Pope's bull.
Bears nat'rally are beaſts of prey,

1122 A learned divine in King James's time wrote a polemic work againſt the Pope, and gave it that unlucky nickname of the *The Pope's bull baited.*

That live by rapine; ſo do they.
What are their orders, conſtitutions,
Church-cenſures, curſes, abſolutions,
But ſev'ral myſtic chains they make,
To tie poor Chriſtians to the ſtake?
And then ſet heathen officers,
Inſtead of dogs, about their ears.
For to prohibit and diſpenſe,
To find out or to make offence:
Of hell and heaven to diſpoſe,
To play with ſouls at faſt and looſe:
To ſet what characters they pleaſe,
And mulcts on ſin or godlineſs;
Reduce the church to goſpel-order,
By rapine, ſacrilege, and murder;
To make presbytery ſupreme,
And kings themſelves ſubmit to them;
And force all people, though againſt
Their conſciences, to turn ſaints;
Muſt prove a pretty thriving trade,
When ſaints monopoliſts are made:
When pious frauds and holy ſhifts
Are diſpenſations and gifts,
There godlineſs becomes mere ware,
And every ſynod but a fair.
Synods are whelps of th' inquiſition,
A mungrel breed of like pernicion,
And growing up, became the ſires
Of ſcribes, commiſſioners, and triers;
Whoſe bus'neſs is, by cunning ſlight,
To caſt a figure for men's light,
To find, in lines of beard and face,

The phyſiognomy of grace;
And by the ſound and twang of noſe,
If all be ſound within, diſcloſe;
Free from a crack or flaw of ſinning,
As men try pipkins by the ringing;
By black caps underlaid with white,
Give certain gueſs at inward light,
Which ſergeants at the goſpel wear,
To make the ſpiritual calling clear.
The handkerchief about the neck
(Canonical cravat of Smeck,

1166 *Canonical cravat*, &c.] *Smectymnus* was a club of five parliamentary holders forth; the characters of whoſe names and talents were by themſelves expreſſed, in that ſenſeleſs and inſignificant word. They wore handkerchiefs about their necks for a note of diſtinction, as the officers of the parliament-army then did, which afterwards degenerated into carnal cravats. About the beginning of the long parliament, in the year 1641, theſe five wrote a book againſt Epiſcopacy and the Common Prayer, to which they all ſubſcribed their names; being Stephen Marſhall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, William Spurſtow, and from thence they and their followers were called *Smectymnuans*. They are remarkable for another pious book, which they wrote ſome time after that, intituled, *The King's cabinet unlocked*, wherein all the chaſte and endearing expreſſions, in the letters that paſſed betwixt his majeſty King Charles I. and his royal conſort, are, by theſe painful labourers in the

From whom the inſtitution came,
When church and ſtate they ſet on flame,
And worn by them as badges then
Of ſpiritual warfaring men,)
Judge rightly if regeneration
Be of the neweſt cut in faſhion:
Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
That grace is founded in dominion.
Great piety conſiſts in pride;
To rule is to be ſanctify'd:
To domineer, and to controul,
Both o'er the body and the ſoul,
Is the moſt perfect diſcipline
Of church-rule, and by right divine.
Bell and the dragon's chaplains were
More moderate than theſe by far:
For they, poor knaves, were glad to cheat,
To get their wives and children meat;
But theſe will not be fobb'd off ſo,
They muſt have wealth and power too;
Or elſe with blood and deſolation
They'll tear it out o'th' heart o'th'nation.
Sure theſe themſelves from primitive
And heathen prieſthood to derive,
When butchers were the only clerks,

devil's vineyard, turned into burleſque and ridicule. Their books were anſwered with as much calmneſs and genteelneſs of expreſſion, and as much learning and honeſty, by the Rev. Mr Symonds, then a deprived clergyman, as theirs was ſtuffed with malice, ſpleen, and raſcally invectives.

Elders and preſbyters of kirks;
Whoſe directory was to kill;
And ſome believe it is ſo ſtill.
The only diff'rence is, that then
They ſlaughter'd only beaſts, now men.
For then to ſacrifice a bullock
Or now and then a child to Moloch,
They count a vile abomination,
But not to ſlaughter a whole nation.
Preſbytery does but tranſlate
The Papacy to a free ſtate;
A commonwealth of Popery,
Where ev'ry village is a ſee
As well as Rome, and muſt maintain
A tithe-pig metropolitan:
Where ev'ry preſbyter and deacon
Commands the keys for cheeſe and bacon;
And ev'ry hamlet's governed
By's Holineſs, the church's head;
More haughty and ſevere in's place,
Than Gregory and Boniface.
Such church muſt ſurely be a monſter
With many heads; for if we conſter
What in th' Apocalyps we find,
According to th' apoſtle's mind,
'Tis that the whore of Babylon
With many heads did ride upon;
Which heads denote the ſinful tribe
Of deacon, prieſt, lay-elder, ſcribe.
Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,
Whoſe little finger is as heavy
As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelate,

And biſhop-ſecular. This zealot
Is of a mungrel, diverſe kind,
Cleric before, and lay behind;
A lawleſs linſey-woolſy brother,
Half of one order, half another;
A creature of amphibious nature,
On land a beaſt, a fiſh in water;
That always preys on grace or ſin;
A ſheep without, a wolf within.
This fierce inquiſitor has chief
Dominion over mens belief
And manners; can pronounce a ſaint
Idolatrous, or ignorant,
When ſuperciliouſly he ſifts
Through coarſeſt boulter others gifts.
For all men live and judge amiſs,
Whoſe talents jump not juſt with his.
He'll lay on gifts with hands, and place
On dulleſt noddle light and grace,
The manufacture of the kirk;
Thoſe paſtors are but th' handy-work
Of his mechanic paws, inſtilling
Divinity in them by feeling;
From whence they ſtart up choſen veſſels,
Made by contact, as men get meazles.
So cardinals, they ſay, do grope
At t' other end the new made Pope.

1249 *So cardinals, they ſay, do grope*
At t'other end the new-made pope.

This relates to the ſtory of Pope Joan, who was called John VIII. Platina ſaith, ſhe was Engliſh

Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras, ſoft fire,
They ſay, does make ſweet malt. Good ſquire,
Feſtina lente, not too faſt;
For haſte, the proverb ſays, makes waſte.
The quirks and cavils thou doſt make
Are falſe, and built upon miſtake.
And I ſhall bring you, with your pack
Of fallacies, t'elenchi back;
And put your arguments in mood
And figure, to be underſtood.
I'll force you by right ratiocination

extraction, but born at Mentz; who, having diſguiſed herſelf like a man, travelled with her paramour to Athens, where ſhe made ſuch progreſs in learning, that coming to Rome, ſhe met with few that could equal her; ſo that, on the death of Pope Leo IV. ſhe was choſen to ſucceed him; but, being got with child by one of her domeſtics, her travail came upon her between the Coloſſian theatre and St Clement's, as ſhe was going to the Lateran church, and died upon the place, having ſat two years, one month, and four days, and was buried there without any pomp. He owns, that, for the ſhame of this, the popes decline going through this ſtreet to the Lateran; and that, to avoid the like error, when any pope is placed in the porphyry chair, his genitals are felt by the youngeſt deacon, through a hole made for that purpoſe; but he ſuppoſes the reaſon of that to be, to put him in mind that he is a man, and obnoxious to the neceſſities of nature; whence he will have that ſeat to be called, *Sedes Stercoraria*.

To leave your vitilitigation,
And make you keep to th' queſtion cloſe,
And argue *dialecticos*.
The queſtion then, to ſtate it firſt,
Is which is better, or which worſt,
Synods or bears? Bears I avow
To be the worſt, and ſynods thou.
But to make good th' aſſertion,
Thou ſay'ſt th'are really all one.
If ſo, not worſt; for if th'are *idem*,
Why then, *tantundem dat tantidem*.
For if they are the ſame, by courſe
Neither is better, neither worſe.
But I deny they are the ſame,
More than a maggot and I am.
That both are *animalia*,
I grant; but not *rationalia*:
For though they do agree in kind,
Specific difference we find;
And can no more make bears of theſe,
Than prove my horſe is Socrates.
That ſynods are bear-gardens too,
Thou doſt affirm; but I ſay, no:
And thus I prove it, in a word;

1262 *To leave your Vitilitigation*, &c.

Vitilitigation is a word the knight was paſſionately in love with, and never failed to uſe it upon all poſſible occaſions; and therefore to omit it, when it fell in the way, had argued too great a neglect of his learning and parts; though it means no more than a perverſe humour of wrangling.

Whats'ever aſſembly's not impower'd
To cenſure, curſe, abſolve, and ordain,
Can be no ſynod: but bear-garden
Has no ſuch pow'r; *ergo*, 'tis none:
And ſo thy ſophiſtry's o'erthrown.
But yet we are beſide the queſtion,
Which thou didſt raiſe the firſt conteſt on;
For that was, Whether bears were better
Than ſynod-men? I ſay, *Negatur*.
That bears are beaſts, and ſynods men,
Is held by all: They're better then:
For bears and dogs on four legs go,
As beaſts; but ſynod-men on two.
'Tis true, they all have teeth and nails;
But prove that ſynod-men have tails;
Or that a rugged, ſhaggy fur
Grows o'er the hide of preſbyter;
Or that his ſnout and ſpacious ears
Do hold proportion with a bear's.
A bear's a ſavage, of all
Moſt ugly and unnatural;
Whelp'd without form, until the dam
Has lick'd it into ſhape and frame:
But all thy light can ne'er evict,
That ever ſynod-man was lick'd;
Or brought to any other faſhion,
Than his own will and inclination.
But thou doſt further yet in this
Oppugn thyſelf and ſenſe; that is,
Thou wouldſt have preſbyters to go
For bears and dogs, and bear-wards too:

A ſtrange chimera of beaſts and men,
Made up of pieces heterogene,
Such as in nature never met
In eodem ſubjecto yet.
Thy other arguments are all
Suppoſers, hypothetical,
That do but beg, and we may chuſe
Either to grant them, or refuſe.
Much thou haſt ſaid; which I know when
And where thou ſtol'ſt from other men,
(Whereby 'tis plain thy light and gifts
Are all but plagiary ſhifts:)
And is the ſame that Ranter ſaid,
Who, arguing with me, broke my head,
And tore a handful of my beard.
The ſelf-ſame cavils then I heard,
When b'ing in hot diſpute about
This controverſy, we fell out;
And what thou know'ſt I anſwer'd then,
Will ſerve to anſwer thee again.
Quoth Ralpho, Nothing but th' abuſe
Of human learning you produce;
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain;
A trade of knowledge, as replete
As others are with fraud and cheat:
An art t'incumber gifts and wit,
And render both for nothing fit;
Makes light inactive, dull, and troubled,
Like little David in Saul's doublet;
A cheat that ſcholars put upon

Other mens reaſon and their own;
A fort of error, to enſconce
Abſurdity and ignorance,
That renders all the avenues
To truth, impervious and abſtruſe,
By making plain things, in debate,
By art, perplex'd and intricate:
For nothing goes for ſenſe or light,
That will not with old rules jump right;
As if rules were not in the ſchools
Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.
This pagan, heatheniſh invention
Is good for nothing but contention.
For as, in ſword-and-buckler fight,
All blows do on the target light:
So when men argue, the great'ſt part
O' th' conteſt falls on terms of art,
Until the fuſtain ſtuff be ſpent,
And then they fall to th' argument.
Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou haſt
Out-run the conſtable at laſt:
For thou art fallen on a new
Diſpute, as ſenſeleſs as untrue,
But to the former oppoſite,
And contrary as black to white;
Mere *diſparata*, that concerning
Preſbytery, this human learning;

1373 *Mere* diſparata, *&c.*] *Diſparata* are things ſeparate and unlike, from the Latin word *diſpara.*

Two things s'averſe, they never yet
But in thy rambling fancy met.
But I ſhall take a fit occaſion
T' evince thee by ratiocination,
Some other time in place more proper
Than this w'are in; therefore let's ſtop here,
And reſt our wearied bones a while,
Already tir'd with other toil.

PART II.

CANTO I.

The Argument.

The knight, by damnable magician,
Being caſt illegally in priſon;
Love brings his action on the caſe,
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the lady's viſit,
And cunningly ſollicits his ſuit,
Which ſhe defers; yet, on parole,
Redeems him from th' inchanted hole.

BUT now, t' obſerve romantic method,
Let bloody ſteel a while be ſheathed;
And all thoſe harſh and rugged ſounds

1 *But now, to obſerve*, &c.] The beginning of this ſecond part may perhaps ſeem ſtrange and abrupt to thoſe who do not know that it was written on purpoſe in imitation of Virgil, who begins the 4th book of his Æneis in the very ſame manner, *At regina gravi*, &c. And this is enough to ſatisfy the curioſity of thoſe who believe that invention and fancy ought to be meaſured, like caſes in law, by precedents, or elſe they are in the power of the critic.

Of baſtinadoes, cuts, and wounds,
Exchang'd to Love's more gentle ſtyle,
To let our reader breathe a while:
In which that we may be as brief as
Is poſſible, by way of preface,
Is't not enough to make one ſtrange,
That ſome men's fancies ſhould ne'er change,
But make all people do and ſay
The ſame things ſtill the ſelf-ſame way?
Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,
And knights purſuing like a whirlwind:
Others make all their knights in fits
Of jealouſy to loſe their wits;
Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,
Th'are forthwith cur'd of their capriches.
Some always thrive in their amours,
By pulling plaiſters off their ſores;
As cripples do to get an alms,
Juſt ſo do they, and win their dames.
Some force whole regions, in deſpite
O'geography, to change their ſite:
Make former times ſhake hands with latter,
And that, which was before come after.
But thoſe that write in rhyme, ſtill make
The one verſe for the other's ſake;
For one for ſenſe, and one for rhyme,
I think's ſufficient at one time.
But we forget in what ſad plight
We whilom left the captiv'd knight,
And penſive ſquire, both bruis'd in body,
And conjur'd into ſafe cuſtody:
Tir'd with diſpute, and ſpeaking Latin,

As well as baſting, and bear-baiting,
And deſperate of any courſe,
To free himſelf by wit or force;
His only ſolace was, that now
His dog-bolt fortune was ſo low,
That either it muſt quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend;
In which he found th' event, no leſs
Than other times, beſide his gueſs.

There is a tall long-ſided dame,
(But wondrous light,) ycleped *Fame*,
That like a thin cameleon boards
Herſelf on air, and eats her words:
Upon her ſhoulders wings ſhe wears
Like hanging ſleeves, lin'd through with ears,
And eyes, and tongues, as poets liſt,
Made good by deep mythologiſt.
With theſe ſhe through the welkin flies,
And ſometimes carries truth, oft lies;
With letters hung like eaſtern pigeons,
And Mercuries of fartheſt regions:
Diurnals writ for regulation
Of lying to inform the nation;
And by their public uſe to bring down
The rate of whetſtones in the kingdom.
About her neck a packet-male,
Fraught with advice, ſome freſh, ſome ſtale,
Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
And cows of monſters brought to bed;
Of hailſtones big as pullets eggs,
And puppies whelp'd with twice two leggs;
A blazing ſtar ſeen in the weſt,

By ſix or ſeven men at leaſt.
'Two trumpets ſhe does ſound at once,
But both of clean contrary tones;
But whether both with the ſame wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not, only this can tell,
The one ſounds vilely, th' other well;
And therefore vulgar authors name
The one *good*, t'other *evil fame*.
This tattling goſſip knew too well,
What miſchief Hudibras befel;
And ſtraight the ſpiteful tidings bears
Of all, to th' unkind widow's ears.
Democritus ne'er laugh'd ſo loud,
To ſee bauds carted through the croud,
Or funerals with ſtately pomp,
March ſlowly on in ſolemn dump,
As ſhe laugh'd out, until her back,
As well as ſides, was like to crack.
She vow'd ſhe would go ſee the ſight,
And viſit the diſtreſſed knight;
To do the office of a neighbour,
And be a goſſip at his labour;
And from his wooden jail, the ſtocks,
To ſet at large his fetter-locks,
And by exchange, parole, or ranſom,
To free him from th' inchanted manſion.
This b'ing reſolv'd, ſhe call'd for hood
And uſher, implements abroad
Which ladies wear, beſides a ſlender
Young waiting damſel to attend her.
All which appearing, on ſhe went,

To find the knight in limbo pent.
And 'twas not long before ſhe found
Him, and his ſtout ſquire, in the pound;
Both coupled in inchanted tether,
By farther leg behind together:
For as he ſat upon his rump,
His head like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees, his hands apply'd
Unto his ears on either ſide;
And by him in another hole,
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by joul:
She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle, on the ſudden,
As ſpirits do t' a conjurer,
When in their dreadful ſhapes th' appear.
No ſooner did the knight perceive her,
But ſtraight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with diſgrace,
To be ſeen by her in ſuch a place;
Which made him hang his head, and ſcoul,
And wink, and goggle like an owl.
He felt his brains begin to ſwim,
When thus the dame accoſted him.
This place, quoth ſhe, they ſay's inchanted,
And with delinquent ſpirits haunted,
That here are ty'd in chains, and ſcourg'd,
Until their guilty crimes be purg'd:
Look, there are two of them appear,
Like perſons I have ſeen ſomewhere.
Some have miſtaken blocks and poſts
For ſpectres, apparitions, ghoſts,
With ſaucer eyes, and horns; and ſome

Have heard the devil beat a drum:
But if our eyes are not falſe glaſſes,
That give a wrong account of faces;
That beard and I ſhould be acquainted,
Before 'twas conjur'd and inchanted;
For though it be disfigur'd ſomewhat,
As if't had lately been in combat,
It did belong t' a worthy knight,
Howe'er this goblin is come by't.
When Hudibras the lady heard,
Diſcourſing thus upon his beard,
And ſpeak with ſuch reſpect and honour,
Both of the beard and the beard's owner;
He thought it beſt to ſet as good
A face upon it as he cou'd,
And thus he ſpoke: Lady, your bright
And radiant eyes are in the right;
The beard's th' identic beard you knew,
The ſame numerically true:
Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But its proprietor himſelf.
O heav'ns! quoth ſhe, can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you;
Not by your individual whiſkers,
But by your dialect and diſcourſe,
That never ſpoke to man or beaſt
In notions vulgarly expreſt.
But what malignant ſtar, alas!
Has brought you both to this ſad paſs?
Quoth he, The fortune of the war,
Which I am leſs afflicted for,
Than to be ſeen with beard and face

By you in ſuch a homely caſe.
Quoth ſhe, Thoſe need not be aſham'd
For being honourably maim'd;
If he that is in battle conquer'd,
Have any title to his own beard,
Though yours be ſorely lugg'd and torn,
It does your viſage more adorn,
Than if 'twere prun'd, and ſtarch'd, and lander'd,
And cut ſquare by the Ruſſian ſtandard.
A torn beard's like a tatter'd enſign,
That's braveſt which there are moſt rents in.
That petticoat about your ſhoulders
Does not ſo well become a ſoldier's;
And I'm afraid they are worſe handled;
Although, i'th'rear, your beard, the van led:
And thoſe uneaſy bruiſes make
My heart for company to ake,
To ſee ſo worſhipful a friend
I'th'pillory ſet at the wrong end.
Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd *pain*
Is (as the learned ſtoics maintain)
Not bad *ſimpliciter*, nor good;
But merely as 'tis underſtood.
Senſe is deceitful and may feign,
As well in counterfeiting pain
As other groſs phaenomena's,
In which it oft miſtakes the caſe.
But ſince th' immortal intellect
(That's free from error and defect,
Whoſe objects ſtill perſiſt the ſame)
Is free from outward bruiſe or maim,
Which nought external can expoſe

To groſs material bangs or blows;
It follows, we can ne'er be ſure,
Whether we pain or not endure;
And juſt ſo far are ſore and griev'd,
As by the fancy is believ'd.
Some have been wounded with conceit,
And dy'd of mere opinion ſtraight;
Others, though wounded ſore in reaſon,
Felt no contuſion, nor diſcretion.
A Saxon Duke did grow ſo fat,
That mice, as hiſtories relate,
Eat grotts and labyrinths to dwell in
His poſtic parts, without his feeling:
Then how is't poſſible a kick
Should e'er reach that way to the quick?
Quoth ſhe, I grant it is in vain
For one that's baſted, to feel pain,
Becauſe the pangs his bones endure,
Contribute nothing to the cure:
Yet honour hurt, is wont to rage
With pain no med'cine can aſſwage.
Quoth he, That honour's very ſqueamiſh,
That takes a baſting for a blemiſh;
For what's more hon'rable than ſcars,
Or ſkin to tatters rent in wars?
Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow:

205 *A Saxon Duke*, &c.] This hiſtory of the Duke of Saxony is not altogether ſo ſtrange as that of a biſhop, his countryman, who was quite eaten up with rats and mice.

Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A ſhoe be Spaniſh or neat's leather;
And yet have met, after long running,
With ſome whom they have taught that cunning.
The fartheſt way about t' o'ercome,
I' th' end does prove the neareſt home;
By laws of learned duelliſts,
They that are bruis'd with wood or fiſts,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are cowards and poltroons:
But if they dare engage t'a ſecond,
They're ſtout and gallant fellows reckon'd.
Th' old Romans freedom did beſtow,
Our princes worſhip, with a blow:
King Pyrrhus cur'd his ſplenetic
And teſty courtiers with a kick.
The Negus, when ſome mighty lord
Or potentate's to be reſtor'd,
And pardon'd for ſome great offence,
With which he's willing to diſpenſe;
Firſt has him laid upon his belly,
Then beaten back and ſide, t'a jelly;
That done, he riſes, humbly bows,
And gives thanks for the princely blows,
Departs not meanly proud, and boaſting
Of his magnificent rib-roaſting.
The beaten ſoldier proves moſt manful,

237 *King Pyrrhus*, &c.] Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, as Pliny ſays, had this occult quality in his toe, *Pollicis in dextro pede tactu lienoſis medebatur*, l. 7. c. 11.

That, like his ſword, endures the anvil;
And juſtly's held more formidable,
The more his valour's malleable:
But he that fears a baſtinado,
Will run away from his own ſhadow:
And though I'm now in durance faſt,
By our own party baſely caſt,
Ranſom, exchange, parole, refus'd,
And worſe than by the enemy us'd;
In cloſe *cataſta* ſhut, paſt hope
Of wit, or valour, to elope:
As beards, the nearer that they tend
To th' earth, ſtill grow more reverend;
And cannons ſhoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their breeches:
I'll make this low dejected fate
Advance me to a greater height.
Quoth ſhe, Y'have almoſt made me in love
With that which did my pity move.
Great wits and valours, like great ſtates,
Do ſometimes ſink with their own weights:
Th' extremes of glory and of ſhame,
Like eaſt and weſt become the ſame:
No Indian prince has to his palace
More foll'wers than a thief to th' gallows.

259 *In cloſe* cataſta *ſhut*, &c.] *Cataſta* is but a pair of ſtocks in Engliſh. But heroical poetry muſt not admit of any vulgar word, eſpecially of paltry ſignification; and therefore ſome of our modern authors are fain to import foreign words from abroad, that were never before heard of in our language.

But if a beating ſeem ſo brave,
What glories muſt a whipping have?
Such great atchievements cannot fail
To caſt ſalt on a woman's tail:
For if I thought your nat'ral talent
Of paſſive courage were ſo gallant,
As you ſtrain hard to have it thought,
I could grow amorous, and dote.
When Hudibras this language heard,
He prick'd up's ears, and ſtrok'd his beard:
Thought he, this is the lucky hour;
Wines work when vines are in the flow'r;
This criſis then I'll ſet my reſt on,
And put her boldly to the queſtion.
Madam, What you would ſeem to doubt,
Shall be to all the world made out;
How I've been drubb'd, and with what ſpirit
And magnanimity I bear it;
And if you doubt it to be true,
I'll ſtake myſelf down againſt you:
And if I fail in love or troth,
Be you the winner, and take both.
Quoth ſhe, I've heard old cunning ſtagers
Say, fools for arguments uſe wagers;
And though I prais'd your valour, yet
I did not mean to baulk your wit;
Which if you have, you muſt needs know
What I have told you before now,
And you b'experiment have prov'd,
I cannot love where I'm belov'd.
Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich,
Beyond th' infliction of a witch;

So cheats to play with thoſe ſtill aim,
That do not underſtand the game.
Love in your heart as idly burns,
As fire in antique Roman urns,
To warm the dead, and vainly light
Thoſe only that ſee nothing by't.
Have you not pow'r to entertain,
And render love for love again;
As no man can draw in his breath
At once, and force out air beneath?
Or do you love yourſelf ſo much,
To bear all rivals elſe a grutch?
What fate can lay a greater curſe
Than you upon yourſelf would force?
For wedlock without love, ſome ſay,
Is but a lock without a key.
It is a kind of rape to marry
One that neglects, or cares not for ye:
For what does make it raviſhment,
But b'ing againſt the mind's conſent?
A rape that is the more inhuman,
For being acted by a woman.
Why are you fair, but to entice us
To love you, that you may deſpiſe us?
But though you cannot love, you ſay,
Out of your own fanatic way,
Why ſhould you not at leaſt allow
Thoſe that love you to do ſo too?
For as you fly me, and purſue
Love more averſe, ſo I do you;
And am by your own doctrine taught
To practiſe what you call a fault.

Quoth ſhe, If what you ſay is true,
You muſt fly me as I do you;
But 'tis not what we do, but ſay,
In love and preaching that muſt ſway.
Quoth he, To bid me not to love,
Is to forbid my pulſe to move,
My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,
Or, when I'm in a fit, to hickup:
Command me to piſs out the moon,
And 'twill as eaſily be done.
Love's pow'r's too great to be withſtood
By feeble human fleſh and blood.
'Twas he that brought upon his knees
The hect'ring kill-cow Hercules;
Transform'd his leager-lion's ſkin
T' a petticoat and made him ſpin;
Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle
T' a feeble diſtaff, and a ſpindle.
'Twas he that made emperors gallants
To their own ſiſters, and their aunts;
Set popes and cardinals agog,
To play with pages at leap-frog.
'Twas he that gave our ſenate purges,
And flux'd the houſe of many a burgeſs;
Made thoſe that repreſent the nation,
Submit, and ſuffer amputation;
And all the grandees o' th' cabal
Adjourn to tubs, at ſpring and fall.
He mounted ſynod-men, and rode 'em
To Dirty-lane, and Little Sodom;
Made 'em curvet, like Spaniſh jennets,
And take the ring at Madam -------

'Twas he that made Saint Francis do
More than the devil could tempt him to;
In cold and frosty weather grow
Enamour'd of a wife of snow;
And though she were of rigid temper,
With melting flames accost and tempt her;
Which after in enjoyment quenching,
He hung a garland on his engine.
Quoth she, If love have these effects,
Why is it not forbid our sex?
Why is't not damn'd and interdicted
For diabolical and wicked?
And sung, as out of tune, against,
As Turk and Pope are by the saints?
I find I've greater reason for it
Than I believ'd before, t'abhor it.
Quoth Hudibras, These sad effects
Spring from your heathenish neglects
Of love's great pow'r, which he returns
Upon yourselves with equal scorns;
And those who worthy lovers slight,
Plagues with prepost'rous appetite.

371 The ancient writers of the lives of saints were of the same sort of people who first writ of knight-errantry; and as in the one they rendered the brave actions of some very great persons ridiculous, by their prodigious lies, and sottish way of describing them; so they have abused the piety of some very devout persons, by imposing such stories upon them, as this upon Saint Francis.

This made the beauteous Queen of Crete
To take a town-bull for her ſweet;
And from her greatneſs ſtoop ſo low,
To be the rival of a cow:
Others to proſtitute their great hearts,
To be baboons and monkeys ſweet-hearts.
Some with the dev'l himſelf in league grow
By's repreſentative a negro.
'Twas this made veſtal-maids love-ſick,
And venture to be bury'd quick;
Some by their fathers and their brothers
To be made miſtreſſes and mothers.
'Tis this that proudeſt dames enamours
On lacquies and valets de chambres;
Their haughty ſtomachs overcomes,
And makes them ſtoop to dirty grooms;
To ſlight the world, and to diſparage
Claps, iſſues, infamy, and marriage.
Quoth ſhe, Theſe judgments are ſevere,
Yet ſuch as I ſhould rather bear,
Than truſt men with their oaths, or prove
Their faith and ſecrecy in love.
Says he, There is as weighty reaſon
For ſecrecy in love, as treaſon.

393 *This made the beauteous queen*, &c.] The hiſtory of Paſiphae is common enough; only this may be obſerved, that though ſhe brought the bull a ſon and heir, yet the husband was fain to father it, as appears by the name; perhaps becauſe the country being an iſland, he was within the four ſeas when the infant was begotten.

Love is a burglarer, a felon,
That at the window-eye does ſteal in
To rob the heart, and with his prey
Steals out again a cloſer way;
Which whoſoever can diſcover,
He's ſure (as he deſerves) to ſuffer.
Love is a fire, that burns and ſparkles
In men as nat'rally as in charcoals,
Which ſooty chymiſts ſtop in holes,
When out of wood they extract coals;
So lovers ſhould their paſſions choke,
That though they burn, they may not ſmoke.
'Tis like that ſturdy thief that ſtole
And dragg'd beaſts backwards into's hole:
So love does lovers, and us men
Draws by the tails unto his den;
That no impreſſion may diſcover,
And trace t'his cave the wary lover.
But if you doubt I ſhould reveal
What you intruſt me under ſeal,
I'll prove myſelf as cloſe and virtuous
As your own ſecretary, Albertus.
Quoth ſhe, I grant you may be cloſe
In hiding what your aims propoſe:
Love-paſſions are like parables,
By which men ſtill mean ſomething elſe:
Though love be all the world's pretence,
Money's the mythologic ſenſe,

438 *As your own ſecretary*, &c.] Albertus Magnus was a Swediſh biſhop, who wrote a very learned work, *De ſecretis mulierum.*

The real ſubſtance of the ſhadow,
Which all addreſs and courtſhip's made to.
Thought he, I underſtand your play,
And how to quit you your own way:
He that will win his dame, muſt do
As love does, when he bends his bow;
With one hand thruſt the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.
I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great
Provocative to am'rous heat;
It is all philtres, and high diet,
That makes love rampant, and to fly out:
'Tis beauty always in the flower,
That buds and bloſſoms at fourſcore:
'Tis that by which the ſun and moon
At their own weapons are outdone;
That makes knights-errant fall in trances,
And lay about them in romances:
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
That men divine and ſacred call:
For what is worth in any thing,
But ſo much money as 'twill bring?
Or what but riches is there known,
Which man can ſolely call his own;
In which no creature goes his half,
Unleſs it be to ſquint and laugh?
I do confeſs, with goods and land,

470 *Unleſs it be to ſquint*, &c.] Pliny, in his natural hiſtory, affirms, that *uni animalium homini oculi depravantur, unde cognomina Strabonum et Paetorum*, lib. 2.

I'd have a wife at ſecond hand;
And ſuch you are; nor is't your perſon
My ſtomach's ſet ſo ſharp and fierce on;
But 'tis (your better part) your riches,
That my enamour'd heart bewitches;
Let me your fortune but poſſeſs,
And ſettle your perſon how you pleaſe,
Or make it o'er in truſt to th' devil,
You'll find me reaſonable and civil.
Quoth ſhe, I like this plainneſs better,
Than falſe mock paſſion, ſpeech, or letter,
Or any feat of qualm or ſwooning,
But hanging of yourſelf, or drowning:
Your only way with me to break
Your mind, is breaking of your neck:
For as when merchants break, o'erthrown
Like nine-pins, they ſtrike others down;
So that would break my heart, which done,
My tempting fortune is your own.
Theſe are but trifles: Ev'ry lover,
Will damn himſelf, over and over,
And greater matters undertake
For a leſs worthy miſtreſs' ſake:
Yet they're the only ways to prove
Th' unfeign'd realities of love;
For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,
The devil's in him if he feigns.
Quoth Hudibras, This way's too rough
For mere experiment and proof;
It is no jeſting, trivial matter,
To ſwing i' th' air, or douce in water,
And, like a water-witch, try love;

That's to deſtroy, and not to prove:
As if a man ſhould be diſſected,
To find what part is diſaffected.
Your better way is to make over
In truſt, your fortune to your lover:
Truſt is a trial; if it break,
'Tis not ſo deſperate as a neck:
Beſide, th' experiment's more certain;
Men venture necks to gain a fortune:
The ſoldier does it ev'ry day
(Eight to the week) for ſixpence pay:
Your pettifoggers damn their ſouls,
To ſhare with knaves in cheating fools:
And merchants, vent'ring through the main,
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain.
This is the way I'dviſe you to;
Truſt me, and ſee what I will do.
Quoth ſhe, I ſhould be loath to run
Myſelf all th' hazard, and you none;
Which muſt be done, unleſs ſome deed
Of yours aforeſaid do precede:
Give but yourſelf one gentle ſwing
For trial, and I'll cut the ſtring;
Or give that rev'rend head a maul;
Or two, or three, againſt a wall;
To ſhew you are a man of mettle,
And I'll engage myſelf to ſettle.
Quoth he, My head's not made of braſs,
As Friar Bacon's noddle was;

532 *As Friar Bacon's noddle was*, &c.] The tradition of Friar Bacon and the brazen head is very

Nor (like the Indian's ſcull) ſo tough,
That, authors ſay, 'twas muſket-proof;
As it had need to be, to enter
As yet on any new adventure:
You ſee what bangs it has endur'd,
That would, before new feats, be cur'd.
But if that's all you ſtand upon,
Here ſtrike me luck, it ſhall be done.
Quoth ſhe, The matter's not ſo far gone
As you ſuppoſe: Two words t'a bargain;
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have giv'n downright proof:
And yet 'tis no fantaſtic pique
I have to love, nor coy diſlike;
'Tis no implicit, nice averſion
T'your converſation, mien, or perſon;
But a juſt fear, leſt you ſhould prove
Falſe and perfidious in love:
For if I thought you could be true,

commonly known; and, conſidering the times he lived in, is not much more ſtrange than what another great philoſopher of his name, has ſince deliyered of a ring, that being tied in a ſtring, and held like a pendulum in the middle of a ſilver bowl, will vibrate of itſelf, and tell exactly againſt the ſides of the divining cup, the ſame thing with, *Time is, time was*, &c.

533 American Indians, among whom the ſame authors affirm, there are others, whoſe ſculls are ſo ſoft, to uſe their own words, *ut digito perforari poſſint.*

I could love twice as much as you.
Quoth he, My faith as adamantine
As chains of deſtiny, I'll maintain;
True as Apollo ever ſpoke,
Or oracle from heart of oak:
And if you'll give my flame but vent,
Now in cloſe hugger-mugger pent,
And ſhine upon me but benignly,
With that one, and that other pigſney,
The ſun and day ſhall ſooner part,
Than love or you ſhake off my heart;
The ſun, that ſhall no more diſpenſe
His own, but your bright influence.
I'll carve your name on barks of trees,
With true love-knots and flouriſhes;
That ſhall in fuſe eternal ſpring,
And everlaſting flouriſhing;
Drink ev'ry letter on't in ſtum,
And make it briſk champaign become.
Where-e'er you tread, your foot ſhall ſet
The primroſe and the violet;
All ſpices, perfumes, and ſweet powders,
Shall borrow from your breath their odours:
Nature her charter ſhall renew,
And take all lives of things from you;
The world depend upon your eye,
And when you frown upon it, die:

556 *Or oracle*, &c.] Jupiter's oracle in Epirus, near the city of Dodona, *Ubi nemus erat Jovi ſacrum, querneum totum, in quo Jovis Dodonaei templum fuiſſe narratur.*

Only our love ſhall ſtill ſurvive,
New worlds, and natures to outlive;
And like to heralds moons, remain
All creſcents, without change or wane.
Hold, hold, quoth ſhe, no more of this,
Sir Knight, you take your aim amiſs:
For you will find it a hard chapter
To catch me with poetic rapture,
In which your maſtery of art
Doth ſhew itſelf, and not your heart:
Nor will you raiſe in mine combuſtion,
By dint of high heroic fuſtian:
She that with poetry is won,
Is but a deſk to write upon;
And what men ſay of her, they mean
No more than on the thing they lean.
Some with Arabian ſpices ſtrive
T'embalm her cruelly alive;
Or ſeaſon her, as French cooks uſe
Their haut-gouſts, bouillies, or ragouſts;
Uſe her ſo barbarouſly ill,
To grind her lips upon a mill,
Until the facet doublet doth
Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth;
Her mouth compar'd t'an oyſter's, with
A row of pearl in't, ſtead of teeth.
Others make poſies of her cheeks,
Where red and whiteſt colours mix;
In which the lilly and the roſe
For Indian lake, and ceruſe goes.
The ſun and moon by her bright eyes
Eclips'd, and darken'd in the ſkies,

Are but black patches, that ſhe wears
Cut into ſuns, and moons, and ſtars:
By which aſtrologers, as well
As thoſe in heav'n above, can tell
What ſtrange events they do foreſhow
Unto her under-world below.
Her voice, the muſic of the ſpheres,
So loud, it deafens mortal ears;
As wiſe philoſophers have thought;
And that's the cauſe we hear it not.
This has been done by ſome, who thoſe
Th' ador'd in rhyme, would kick in proſe;
And in thoſe ribbands would have hung,
Of which melodiouſly they ſung,
That have the hard fate to write beſt
Of thoſe ſtill that deſerve it leaſt;
It matters not how falſe, or forc'd,
So the beſt things be ſaid o' th' worſt;
It goes for nothing when 'tis ſaid,
Only th' arrow's drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a ſwan or gooſe
They level at: So ſhepherds uſe
To ſet the ſame mark on the hip
Both of their ſound and rotten ſheep:
For wits that carry low or wide,
Muſt be aim'd higher, or beſide
The mark, which elſe they near come nigh,
But when they take their aim awry.
But I do wonder you ſhould chuſe
This way t'attack me with your muſe,
As one cut out to paſs your tricks on,
With Fulhams of poetic fiction:

I rather hop'd, I ſhould no more
Hear from you o' th' gallanting ſcore:
For hard dry-baſtings us'd to prove
The readieſt remedies of love,
Next a dry-diet: But if thoſe fail,
Yet this uneaſy loop-hold jail,
In which y'are hamper'd by the fetlock,
Cannot but put y'in mind of wedlock;
Wedlock, that's worſe than any hole here,
If that may ſerve you for a cooler,
T'allay your mettle, all agog
Upon a wife, the heavier clog:
Nor rather thank your gentler fate,
That for a bruis'd or broken pate,
Has freed you from thoſe knobs that grow
Much harder on the marry'd brow:
But if no dread can cool your courage,
From vent'ring on that dragon, marriage;
Yet give me quarter, and advance
To nobler aims your puiſſance:
Level at beauty, and at wit;
The faireſt mark is eaſieſt hit.
Quoth Hudibras, I'm beforehand
In that already, with your command;
For where does beauty and high wit
But in your conſtellation meet?
Quoth ſhe, What does a match imply,
But likeneſs and equality?
I know you cannot think me fit
To be th' yoke-fellow of your wit:
Nor take one of ſo mean deſerts,
To be the partner of your parts;
A grace, which if I could believe,

I've not the conſcience to receive.
That conſcience, quoth Hudibras,
Is miſinform'd: I'll ſtate the caſe:
A man may be a legal donor
Of any thing whereof he's owner;
And may confer it where he liſts,
I'th' judgement of all caſuiſts:
Then wit, and parts, and valour may
Be ali'nate, and made away,
By thoſe that are propietors:
As I may give or ſell my horſe.
Quoth ſhe, I grant the caſe is true,
And proper, 'twixt your horſe and you;
But whether I may, take as well
As you may give away, or ſell?
Buyers, you know, are bid beware;
And worſe than thieves receivers are.
How ſhall I anſwer *heu* and *cry*,
For a roan gelding, twelve hands high,
All ſpurr'd and ſwitch'd, a lock on's hoof,
A ſorrel mane? can I bring proof,
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were ſold for,
And in the open market toll'd for?
Or ſhould I take you for a ſtray,
You muſt be kept a year and day,
(Ere I can own you,) here i'th'pound,
Where, if y'are ſought, you may be found:
And in the mean time I muſt pay
For all your provender and hay.
Quoth he, It ſtands me much upon
T' enervate this objection,
And prove myſelf by topic clear,

No gelding, as you would infer.
Loſs of virility's averr'd
To be the cauſe of loſs of beard,
That does (like embryo in the womb)
Abortive on the chin become:
This firſt a woman did invent,
In envy of man's ornament,
Semiramis of Babylon,
Who firſt of all cut men o'th'ſtone,
To mar their beards, and laid foundation
Of ſow-geldering operation.
Look on this beard, and tell me whether
Eunuchs wear ſuch, or geldings either?
Next it appears, I'm no horſe,
That I can argue and diſcourſe;
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.
Quoth ſhe, That nothing will avail;
For ſome philoſophers of late here

715 Semiramis, Queen of Aſſyria, is ſaid to be the firſt that invented eunuchs. *Semiramis teneros mares caſtravit omnium prima.* Am. Marcell. l. 34. p. 22. Which is ſomething ſtrange in a lady of her conſtitution, who is ſaid to have received horſes into her embraces, as another queen did a bull; but that perhaps may be the reaſon why ſhe after thought men not worth the while.

725 *For ſome philoſophers*, &c.] Sir K. D. in his book of bodies; who has this ſtory of the German boy, which he endeavours to make good, by ſeveral natural reaſons; by which thoſe who have the dexterity to believe what they pleaſe, may be fully ſatisfied of the probability of it.

Write, men have four legs by nature,
And that 'tis cuſtom makes them go
Erroneouſly upon but two;
As 'twas in Germany made good
B'a boy that loſt himſelf in a wood,
And growing down t'a man, was wont
With wolves upon all four to hunt.
As for your reaſons drawn from tails,
We cannot ſay they're true or falſe,
'Till you explain yourſelf, and ſhow,
B' experiment, 'tis ſo or no.
Quoth he, If you'll join iſſue on't,
I'll give you ſatisfact'ry account;
So you will promiſe, if you loſe,
To ſettle all, and be my ſpouſe.
That never ſhall be done, quoth ſhe,
To one that wants a tail, by me:
For tails by nature ſure were meant,
As well as beards, for ornament:
And though the vulgar count them homely,
In man or beaſt they are ſo comely,
So gentee, alamode, and handſome,
I'll never marry one that wants one:
And till you can demonſtrate plain,
You have one equal to your mane,
I'll be torn piece-meal by a horſe,
Ere I'll take you for better or worſe.
The prince of Cambay's daily food
Is aſpe, and baſiliſk, and toad;
Which makes him have ſo ſtrong a breath,
Each night he ſtinks a queen to death;

Yet I ſhall rather lie in's arms
Than your's, on any other terms.
Quoth he, What nature can afford,
I ſhall produce, upon my word;
And if ſhe ever gave that boon
To man, I'll prove that I have one;
I mean, by poſtulate illation,
When you ſhall offer juſt occaſion.
But ſince y'have yet deny'd to give
My heart, your pris'ner, a reprieve,
But made it ſink down to my heel,
Let that at leaſt your pity feel;
And for the ſufferings of your martyr,
Give its poor entertainer quarter;
And by diſcharge, or main-prize, grant
Deliv'ry from this baſe reſtraint.
Quoth ſhe, I grieve to ſee your leg
Stuck in a hole here like a peg;
And if I knew which way to do't,
(Your honour ſafe) I'd let you out.
That dames by jail-delivery
Of errant-knights have been ſet free,
When by enchantment they have been,
And ſometimes for it too, laid in;
Is that which knights are bound to do
By order, oath, and honour, too:
For what are they renown'd, and famous elſe,
But aiding of diſtreſſed damoſels?
But for a lady, noways errant,
To free a knight, we have no warrant
In any authentical romance.
Or claſſic author yet of France;

And I'd be loath to have you break
An ancient cuſtom for a freak,
Or innovation introduce
In place of things of antique uſe;
To free your heels by any courſe,
That might b'unwholſome to your ſpurs:
Which if I ſhould conſent unto,
It is not in my pow'r to do;
For 'tis a ſervice muſt be done ye,
With ſolemn previous ceremony;
Which always has been us'd t' unty
The charms of thoſe who here do lie;
For as the ancients heretofore
To honour's temple had no door,
But that which thorough virtue's lay;
So from this dungeon there's no way
To honour'd freedom, but by paſſing
That other virtuous ſchool of laſhing,
Where knights are kept in narrow liſts,
With wooden lockets, 'bout their wriſts;
In which they for a while are tenants,
And for their ladies ſuffer penance:
Whipping, that's virtue's governeſs,
Tutreſs of arts and ſciences;
That mends the groſs miſtakes of nature,
And puts new life into dull matter;
That lays foundation for renown,
And all the honours of the gown.
This ſuffer'd they are ſet at large,
And freed with honourable diſcharge:
Then in the robes, the penitentials
Are ſtraight preſented with credentials,

And in their way attended on
By magiſtrates of ev'ry town:
And all reſpect and charges paid,
They're to their ancient ſeats convey'd.
Now, if you'll venture, for my ſake,
To try the toughneſs of your back,
And ſuffer (as the reſt have done)
The laying of a whipping on;
(And may you proſper in your ſuit,
As you with equal vigour do't,)
I here engage myſelf to looſe ye,
And free your heels from caperdewſie.
But ſince our ſex's modeſty
Will not allow I ſhould be by,
Bring me, on oath, a fair account,
And honour too, when you have don't;
And I'll admit you to the place
You claim as due in my good grace.
If matrimony and hanging go
By deſt'ny, why not whipping too?
What med'cine elſe can cure the fits
Of lovers, when they loſe their wits?
Love is a boy by poets ſtyl'd,
Then ſpare the rod, and ſpoil the child.
A Perſian emp'ror whipt his grannam
The Sea, his mother Venus came on;
And hence ſome rev'rend men approve
Of roſemary in making love.

845 *A Perſian emp'ror*, &c.] Xerxes, who uſed to whip the ſeas and wind. *In Corum atque Eurum ſolitus ſævire flagellis*, Juv. ſat. 10.

As ſkilful coopers hoop their tubs
With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs;
Why may not whipping have as good
A grace, perform'd in time and mood,
With comely movement, and by art,
Raiſe paſſion in a lady's heart?
It is an eaſier way to make
Love by, than that which many take.
Who would not rather ſuffer whipping,
Than ſwallow toaſts of bits of ribbin?
Make wicked verſes, treats, and faces,
And ſpell names over with beer-glaſſes?
Be under vows to hang and die
Love's ſacrifice, and all a lie?
With China-oranges, and tarts,
And whinning plays, lay baits for hearts?
Bribe chamber-maids with love and money,
To break no roguiſh jeſts upon ye?
For lilies limn'd on cheeks, and roſes,
With painted perfumes, hazard noſes?
Or vent'ring to be briſk and wanton,
Do penance in a paper lanthorn?
All this you may compound for now,
By ſuffering what I offer you:
Which is no more than has been done
By knights for ladies long agone:
Did not the great La Mancha do ſo
For the Infanta Del Taboſo?
Did not the illuſtrious Baſſa make
Himſelf a ſlave for Miſſe's ſake?
And with bull's pizzle, for her love,
Was taw'd as gentle as a glove?

Was not young Florio ſent (to cool
His flame for Biancaſiore) to ſchool,
Where pedant made his pathic bum
For her ſake ſuffer martyrdom?
Did not a certain lady whip
Of late her huſband's own lordſhip?
And though a grandee of the houſe,
Claw'd him with fundamental blows:
Ty'd him ſtark naked to a bed-poſt,
And firk'd his hide, as if ſh'had rid poſt?
And after in the ſeſſion's-court,
Where whipping's judg'd, had honour for't?
This ſwear you will perform, and then
I'll ſet you from th' inchanted den,
And the magician's circle clear.
Quoth he, I do profeſs and ſwear,
And will perform what you injoin,
Or may I never ſee you mine.
Amen, quoth ſhe, then turn'd about,
And bid her ſquire let him out.
But ere an artiſt could be found
T' undo the charms, another bound,
The ſun grew low, and left the ſkies,
Put down, ſome write, by ladies eyes;
The moon pull'd off her veil of light,
That hides her face by day from ſight,
(Myſterious veil, of brightneſs made,
That's both her luſtre and her ſhade,)
And in the lanthorn of the night,
With ſhining horns hung out her light;
For darkneſs is the proper ſphere,
Where all falſe glories uſe t'appear.

The twinkling ſtars began to muſter,
And glitter with their borrow'd luſtre;
While ſleep the weary'd world reliev'd,
By counterfeiting death reviv'd.
His whipping penance till the morn,
Our vot'ry thought it beſt t' adjourn,
And not to carry on a work
Of ſuch importance in the dark,
With erring haſte, but rather ſtay,
And do't in th' open face of day;
And, in the mean time, go in queſt
Of next retreat to take his reſt.

CANTO II.

The Argument.

The knight and ſquire in hot diſpute,
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a ſudden fright
Of ſtrange alarm, and ſtranger ſight;
With which adventuring to ſtickle,
They're ſent away in naſty pickle.

'TIS ſtrange how ſome mens tempers ſuit
(Like bawd and brandy) with diſpute,
That for their own opinions ſtand faſt
Only to have them claw'd and canvaſt;
That keep their conſciences in caſes,
As fiddlers do their crowds and baſes;
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent
To play a fit for argument:
Make true and falſe, unjuſt, and juſt,
Of no uſe but to be diſcuſt;
Diſpute and ſet a paradox,
Like a ſtrait boot upon the ſtocks,
And ſtretch it more unmercifully,
Than Helmont, Montaign, White, or Tully.
So th' ancient Stoics in their porch,
With fierce diſpute maintain'd their church,

15 *So th' ancient Stoics*, &c.] *In porticu (Stoicorum ſchola Athenis) diſcipulorum ſeditionibus mille quadringen-*

Beat out their brains in fight and ſtudy,
To prove that virtue is a body;
That *bonum* is an animal,
Made good with ſtout polemic brawl:
In which ſome hundreds on the place
Were ſlain outright, and many a face
Retrench'd of noſe, and eyes, and beard,
To maintain what their ſect averr'd.
All which the knight and ſquire in wrath
Had like t'have ſuffer'd for their faith,
Each ſtriving to make good his own,
As by the ſequel ſhall be ſhown.

The ſun had long ſince, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
And like a lobſter boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn;
When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aking,
'Twixt ſleeping kept all night, and waking,
Began to rub his drowſy eyes,
And from his couch prepar'd to riſe,
Reſolving to diſpatch the deed

ti triginta cives interfecti ſunt. Diog. Laert. in vita Zenonis, p. 383. Thoſe old virtuoſos were better proficients in thoſe exerciſes, than modern, who ſeldom improve higher than cuffing and kicking.

19 *Bonum* is ſuch a kind of animal, as our modern virtuoſi, from Don Quixote, will have wind-mills under ſail to be. The ſame authors are of opinion, that all ſhips are fiſhes while they are afloat; but when they are run on ground, or laid up in the dock, become ſhips again.

He vow'd to do, with truſty ſpeed.
But firſt, with knocking loud, and bawling,
He rous'd the ſquire, in truckle lolling:
And, after many circumſtances,
Which vulgar authors in romances
Do uſe to ſpend their time and wits on,
To make impertinent deſcription,
They got, with much ado, to horſe,
And to the caſtle bent their courſe,
In which he to the dame before
To ſuffer whipping duty ſwore:
Where now arriv'd, and half unharneſt,
To carry on the work in earneſt,
He ſtopp'd, and paus'd upon the ſudden,
And with a ſerious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new ſcruple in his head,
Which firſt he ſcratch'd, and after ſaid:
Whether it be direct infringing
An oath, if I ſhould wave this ſwinging,
And what I've ſworn to bear, forbear,
And ſo b' equivocation ſwear;
Or whether't be a leſſer ſin
To be forſworn, than act the thing,
Are deep and ſubtil points, which muſt,
T' inform my conſcience, be diſcuſt;
In which to err a tittle, may
To errors infinite make way:
And therefore I deſire to know
Thy judgment, ere we farther go.
Quoth Ralpho, Since you do injoin't,
I ſhall enlarge upon the point;
And for my own part, do not doubt

Th' affirmative may be made out.
But firſt, to ſtate the caſe aright,
For beſt advantage of our light;
And thus 'tis: Whether't be a ſin
To claw and curry your own ſkin,
Greater, or leſs, than to forbear,
And that you are forſworn, forſwear.
But firſt, o'th'firſt: The inward man,
And outward, like a clan and clan,
Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing:
Not that they really cuff or fence,
But in a ſpiritual myſtic ſenſe;
Which to miſtake, and make 'em ſquabble,
In literal fray's abominable:
'Tis heatheniſh, in frequent uſe
With Pagans, and apoſtate Jews,
To offer ſacrifice of Bridewells,
Like modern Indians to their idols:
And mungrel Chriſtians of our times,
That expiate leſs with greater crimes,
And call the foul abomination
Contrition, and mortification.
Is't not enough we're bruis'd and kicked,
With ſinful members of the wicked;
Our veſſels, that are ſanctify'd,
Profan'd and curry'd back and ſide;
But we muſt claw ourſelves with ſhameful
And heathen ſtripes, by their example?
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
Is impious, becauſe they did it;
This therefore may be juſtly reckoned

A heinous ſin. Now to the ſecond,
That ſaints may claim a diſpenſation
To ſwear and forſwear, on occaſion,
I doubt not, but it will appear
With pregnant light. The point is clear.
Oaths are but words, and words but wind;
Too feeble implements to bind;
And hold with deeds proportion, ſo
As ſhadows to a ſubſtance do.
Then when they ſtrive for place, 'tis fit
The weaker veſſel ſhould ſubmit:
Although your church be oppoſite
To ours, as black friars are to white,
In rule and order; yet I grant
You are a reformado ſaint;
And what the ſaints do claim as due,
You may pretend a title to:
But ſaints, whom oaths and vows oblige,
Know little of their privilege;
Farther, I mean, than carrying on
Some ſelf-advantage of their own:
For if the dev'l, to ſerve his turn,
Can tell truth, why the ſaints ſhould ſcorn,
When it ſerves theirs, to ſwear and lie,
I think there's little reaſon why:
Elſe h'has a greater pow'r than they,
Which 'twere impiety to ſay.
W'are not commanded to forbear
Indefinitely at all to ſwear;
But to ſwear idly, and in vain,
Without ſelf-intereſt or gain:
For breaking of an oath and lying,

Is but a kind of ſelf-denying,
A ſaint-like virtue, and from hence
Some have broke oaths by providence:
Some, to the glory of the Lord,
Perjur'd themſelves, and broke their word:
And this the conſtant rule and practice
Of all our late apoſtles acts is.
Was not the cauſe at firſt begun
With perjury, and carried on?
Was there an oath the godly took,
But in due time and place they broke?
Did we not bring our oaths in firſt,
Before our plate, to have them burſt,
And caſt in fitter models, for
The preſent uſe of church and war?
Did not our worthies of the houſe,
Before they broke the peace, break vows?
For having freed us, firſt from both
Th' allegiance and ſupremacy oath;
Did they not, next, compel the nation
To take and break the proteſtation?
To ſwear, and after to recant
The ſolemn league and covenant?
To take th' engagement, and diſclaim it,
Enforc'd by thoſe who firſt did frame it?
Did they not ſwear at firſt to fight
For the King's ſafety, and his right;
And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with horſe and foot;
But yet ſtill had the confidence
To ſwear it was in his defence?
Did they not ſwear to live and die

With Eſſex, and ſtraight laid him by?
If that were all, for ſome have ſwore
As falſe as they, if th'did no more.
Did they not ſwear to maintain law,
In which that ſwearing made a flaw?
For Proteſtant religion vow,
That did that vowing diſallow?
For privilege of parliament,
In which that ſwearing made a rent?
And ſince, of all the three, not one
Is left in being, 'tis well known.
Did they not ſwear in expreſs words,
To prop and back the houſe of Lords?
And after turn'd out the whole houſe full
Of peers, as dang'rous and unuſeful?
So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,
Swore all the Commons out o' th' houſe;
Vow'd that the redcoats would diſband,
Ay marry would they, at their command;
And troll'd them on, and ſwore, and ſwore,
Till th' army turn'd them out of door.
This tells us plainly what they thought,
That oaths and ſwearing go for nought,
And that by them th' were only meant
To ſerve for an expedient.
What was the public faith found out for,
But to ſlur men of what they fought for?
The public faith, which ev'ry one
Is bound t' obſerve, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why
Should private faith have ſuch a tie?
Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,

To keep the good and juſt in awe;
But to confine the bad and ſinful,
Like moral cattle in a pinfold.
A ſaint's o'th'heav'nly realm a peer:
And as no peer is bound to ſwear
But on the goſpel of his honour,
Of which he may diſpoſe, as owner;
It follows, though the thing be forgery,
And falſe, th'affirm, it is no perjury,
But a mere ceremony, and a breach
Of nothing, but a form of ſpeech;
And goes for no more when 'tis took,
Than mere ſaluting of the book.
Suppoſe the ſcriptures are of force,
They're but commiſſions of courſe,
And ſaints have freedom to digreſs,
And vary from them as they pleaſe,
Or miſinterpret them by private
Inſtructions, to all aims they drive at.
Then why ſhould we ourſelves abridge,
And curtail our own privilege?
Quakers (that, like to lanthorns, bear
Their light within them) will not ſwear;
Their goſpel is an accidence,
By which they conſtrue conſcience,
And hold no ſin ſo deeply red,
As that of breaking Priſcian's head;
(The head and founder of their order,
That ſtirring hats held worſe than murder.)
Theſe thinking th'are oblig'd to troth
In ſwearing, will not take an oath:
Like mules, who, if th'have not their will

To keep their own pace, ſtand ſtock ſtill;
But they are weak, and little know
What free-born conſciences may do.
'Tis the temptation of the devil,
That makes all human actions evil:
For ſaints may do the ſame things by
The ſpirit in ſincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's inſtance do;
And yet the actions be contrary,
Juſt as the ſaints and wicked vary.
For as on land there is no beaſt,
But in ſome fiſh at ſea's expreſs'd;
So in the wicked there's no vice
Of which the ſaints have not a ſpice;
And yet that thing that's pious in
The one, in t'other is a ſin.
Is't not ridiculous and nonſenſe,
A ſaint ſhould be a ſlave to conſcience?
That ought to be above ſuch fancies,
As far as above ordinances?
She's of the wicked, as I gueſs,
B'her looks, her language, and her dreſs:
And though, like conſtables, we ſearch
For falſe wares, one another's church;
Yet all of us hold this for true,
No faith is to the wicked due;
For truth is precious and divine,
Too rich a pearl for carnal ſwine.
Quoth Hudibras, All this is true,
Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew
Thoſe myſteries and revelations;

And therefore topical evaſions
Of ſubtle turns and ſhifts of ſenſe,
Serve beſt with th' wicked for pretence,
Such as the learned Jeſuits uſe,
And Preſbyterians, for excuſe
Againſt the Proteſtants, when th' happen
To find their churches taken napping:
As thus: A breach of oath is duple,
And either way admits a ſcruple,
And may be, *ex parte* of the maker,
More criminal than th' injur'd taker;
For he that ſtrains too far a vow,
Will break it, like an o'er-bent bow:
And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it;
Not he that for convenience took it:
A broken oath is, *quatenus* oath,
As ſound t' all purpoſes of troth,
As broken laws are ne'er the worſe,
Nay, till th'are broken have no force.
What's juſtice to a man, or laws,
That never comes within their claws?
They have no pow'r but to admoniſh,
Cannot controul, coerce, or puniſh,
Until they're broken, and then touch
Thoſe only that do make them ſuch.
Beſide, no engagement is allow'd
By men in priſon made, for good;
For when they're ſet at liberty,
They're from th' engagement too ſet free.
The Rabbins write, when any Jew
Did make to God or man a vow,
Which afterwards he found untoward,

And ſtubborn to be kept, or too hard;
Any three other Jews o'th'nation
Might free him from the obligation:
And have not two ſaints pow'r to uſe
A greater privilege than three Jews?
The court of conſcience, which in man
Should be ſupreme and ſovereign,
Is't fit ſhould be ſubordinate
To ev'ry petty court i'th'ſtate,
And have leſs power than the leſſer,
To deal with perjury at pleaſure?
Have its proceedings diſallow'd, or
Allow'd, at fancy of py-powder?
Tell all it does, or does not know,
For ſwearing *ex officio?*
Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
And pigs unring'd at Viſ. Franc. Pledge?
Diſcover thieves, and bawds, recuſants,
Prieſts, witches, eves-droppers, and nuiſance;
Tell who did play at games unlawful,
And who fill'd pots of ale but half-full;
And have no pow'r at all, nor ſhift,
To help itſelf at a dead lift?
Why ſhould not conſcience have vacation
As well as other courts o'th'nation;
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance and return;
And make as nice diſtinction ſerve,
To ſplit a caſe, as thoſe that carve,
Invoking cuckolds names, hit joints;
Why ſhould not tricks as ſlight do points?
Is not th' high court of juſtice ſworn

To judge that law that ſerves their turn?
Make their own jealouſies high treaſon,
And fix them whomſoe'er they pleaſe on?
Cannot the learned counſel there
Make laws in any ſhape appear?
Mould 'em as witches do their clay,
When they make pictures to deſtroy?
And vex 'em into any form
That fits their purpoſe to do harm?
Rack 'em until they do confeſs,
Impeach of treaſon whom they pleaſe,
And moſt perfidiouſly condemn
Thoſe that engag'd their lives for them?
And yet do nothing in their own ſenſe,
But what they ought by oath and conſcience.
Can they not juggle, and with ſlight
Conveyance play with wrong and right;
And ſell their blaſts of wind as dear
As Lapland witches bottled air?
Will not fear, favour, bribe, and grudge,
The ſame caſe ſev'ral ways adjudge?
As ſeamen, with the ſelf-ſame gale,
Will ſev'ral diff'rent courſes ſail;
As when the ſea breaks o'er its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds,
Thoſe banks and damms, that like a ſcreen
Did keep it out, now keep it in:
So when tyrannic uſurpation
Invades the freedom of a nation,
The laws o'th'land that were intended
To keep it out, are made t' defend it.
Does not in chanc'ry ev'ry man ſwear

What makes beſt for him in his anſwer?
Is not the winding up witneſſes
A nicking more than half the bus'neſs?
For witneſſes, like watches, go
Juſt as they're ſet, too faſt or ſlow;
And where in conſcience they're ſtrait-lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that ſide is caſt.
Do not your juries give their verdict,
As if they felt the cauſe, not heard it?
And as they pleaſe, make matter of fact
Run all on one ſide, as they're pack'd?
Nature has made man's breaſt no windores,
To publiſh what he does within doors;
Nor what dark ſecrets there inhabit,
Unleſs his own raſh folly blab it.
If oaths can do a man no good
In his own buſineſs, why they ſhou'd
In other matters do him hurt,
I think there's little reaſon for't.
He that impoſes an oath, makes it;
Not he that for convenience takes it:
Then how can any man be laid
To break an oath he never made?
Theſe reaſons may perhaps look odly
To th'wicked, though th'evince the godly;
But if they will not ſerve to clear
My honour, I am ne'er the near.
Honour is like that glaſſy bubble,
That finds philoſophers ſuch trouble,
Whoſe leaſt part crack'd, the whole does fly,
And wits are crack'd to find out why.
Quoth Ralpho, Honour's but a word

To ſwear by, only in a lord:
In other men, 'tis but a huff,
To vapour with, inſtead of proof;
That, like a wen, looks big and ſwells,
Is ſenſeleſs, and juſt nothing elſe.
Let it, quoth he, be what it will,
It has the world's opinion ſtill.
But as men are not wiſe that run
The ſlighteſt hazard they may ſhun;
There may a medium be found out
To clear to all the world the doubt;
And that is, if a man may do't,
By proxy whipt, or ſubſtitute.
Though nice and dark the point appear,
Quoth Ralph, it may hold up, and clear.
That ſinners may ſupply the place
Of ſuff'ring ſaints, is a plain caſe.
Juſtice gives ſentence many times
On one man for another's crimes.
Our brethren of New England uſe
Choice malefactors to excuſe,
And hang the guiltleſs in their ſtead,
Of whom the churches have leſs need;
As lately happen'd. In a town
There liv'd a cobler, and but one,
That out of doctrine could cut uſe,
And mend mens lives as well as ſhoes.
This precious brother having ſlain,

413 *In a town*, &c.] The hiſtory of the cobler has been atteſted by perſons of good credit, who were upon the place when it was done.

In times of peace, an Indian,
(Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
Becauſe he was an Infidel)
The mighty Tottipottymoy
Sent to our elders an envoy;
Complaining ſorely of the breach
Of league held forth by brother Patch,
Againſt the articles in force
Between both churches, his and ours,
For which he crav'd the ſaints to render
Into his hands, or hang th' offender:
But they maturely having weigh'd
They had no more but him o' th' trade,
(A man that ſerv'd them in a double
Capacity, to teach and coble),
Reſolv'd to ſpare him; yet to do
The Indian Hoghgan Moghgan too
Impartial juſtice, in his ſtead did
Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid.
Then wherefore may not you be ſkipp'd,
And in your room another whipp'd?
For all philoſophers, but the ſceptic,
Hold whipping may be ſympathetic.
  It is enough, quoth Hudibras,
Thou haſt reſolv'd and clear'd the caſe;
And canſt, in conſcience, not refuſe,
From thy own doctrine, to raiſe uſe:
I know thou wilt not, for my ſake,
Be tender-conſcienc'd of thy back:
Then ſtrip thee of thy carnal jerkin,
And give thy outward-fellow a ferking;
For when thy veſſel is new hoop'd,

All leaks of ſinning will be ſtopp'd.
Quoth Ralpho, You miſtake the matter;
For in all ſcruples of this nature,
No man includes himſelf, nor turns
The point upon his own concerns.
As no man of his ownſelf catches
The itch, or amorous French aches;
So no man does himſelf convince,
By his own doctrine, of his ſins:
And though all cry down ſelf, none means
His ownſelf in a lit'ral ſenſe:
Beſides, it is not only foppiſh,
But vile, idolatrous, and popiſh,
For one man, out of his own ſkin,
To ſerk and whip another's ſin:
As pedants out of ſchoolboys breeches
Do claw and curry their own itches.
But in this caſe it is profane,
And ſinful too, becauſe in vain:
For we muſt take our oaths upon it
You did the deed, when I have done it.
Quoth Hudibras, That's anſwer'd ſoon;
Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.
Quoth Ralpho, That we may ſwear true,
'Twere properer that I whipp'd you:
For when with your conſent 'tis done,
The act is really your own.
Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain,
I ſee, to argue 'gainſt the grain;
Or, like the ſtars, incline men to
What they're averſe themſelves to do:
For when diſputes are weary'd out,

'Tis int'reſt ſtill reſolves the doubt:
But ſince no reaſon can confute ye,
I'll try to force ye to your duty;
For ſo it is, howe'er you mince it,
As ere we part I ſhall evince it;
And curry, if you ſtand out, whether
You will or no, your ſtubborn leather.
Canſt thou refuſe to bear thy part
I' th' public work, baſe as thou art?
To higgle thus, for a few blows,
To gain thy knight an op'lent ſpouſe;
Whoſe wealth his bowe's yearn to purchaſe,
Merely for th' intereſt of the churches?
And when he has it in his claws,
Will not be hide-bound to the cauſe;
Nor ſhalt thou find him a curmudgin,
If thou diſpatch it without grudging:
If not, reſolve before we go,
That you and I muſt pull a crow.
Y'had beſt, quoth Ralpho, as the ancients
Say wiſely, have a care o' th' main chance,
And look before you ere you leap;
For as you ſow, y'are like to reap:
And were y'as good as George a Green,
I ſhall make bold to turn again;
Nor am I doubtful of the iſſue
In a juſt quarrel, and mine is ſo.
Is't fitting for a man of honour
To whip the ſaints, like Biſhop Bonner?
A knight t' uſurp the beadle's office,
For which y'are like to raiſe brave trophies:
But I adviſe you, not for fear,

But for your own ſake, to forbear;
And for the churches, which may chance
From hence to ſpring a variance;
And raiſe among themſelves new ſcruples,
Whom common danger hardly couples.
Remember how, in arms and politics,
We ſtill have worſted all your holy tricks;
Trepann'd your party with intrigue,
And took your grandees down a peg;
New modell'd th' army, and caſhier'd
All that to legion Smec adher'd;
Made a mere utenſil o'your church,
And after left it in the lurch;
A ſcaffold to build up our own,
And, when w'had done with't, pull'd it down;
Capoch'd your rabbins of the ſynod,
And ſnapt their canons with a why-not.
(Grave ſynod-men, that were rever'd
For ſolid face and depth of beard,)
Their claſſic model prov'd a maggot,
Their directory an Indian pagod;
And drown'd their diſcipline like a kitten,
On which th'had been ſo long a ſitting;
Decry'd it as a holy cheat
Grown out of date and obſolete,
And all the ſaints of the firſt graſs,
As caſtling foal's of Bala'm's aſs.
At this the knight grew high in chafe,
And ſtaring furiouſly on Ralph,
He trembled, and look'd pale with ire,
Like aſhes firſt, then red as fire.
Have I, quoth he, been ta'en in fight,

And for ſo many moons lain by't?
And, when all other means did fail,
Have been exchang'd for tubs of ale?
Not but they thought me worth a ranſom
Much more conſid'rable and handſome,
But for their own ſakes, and for fear
They were not ſafe when I was there;
Now to be baffled by a ſcoundrel,
An upſtart ſect'ry, and a mungrel;
Such as breed out of peccant humours
Of our own church, like wens, or tumours,
And like a maggot in a ſore,
Would that which gave it life devour;
It never ſhall be done or ſaid:
With that he ſeiz'd upon his blade;
And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,
Upon his baſket-hilt laid hold,
With equal readineſs prepar'd
To draw and ſtand upon his guard;
When both were parted on the ſudden,
With hideous clamour, and a loud one,
As if all ſorts of noiſe had been
Contracted into one loud din,
Or that ſome member to be choſen,
Had got the odds above a thouſand,
And, by the greatneſs of his noiſe,

548. *Have been exchang'd*, &c.] The knight was kept priſoner in Exeter, and after ſeveral exchanges propoſed, but none accepted of, was at laſt releaſed for a barrel of ale, as he often uſed, upon all occaſions, to declare.

Prov'd fitteſt for his country's choiſe.
This ſtrange ſurpriſal put the knight
And wrathful ſquire into a fright:
And though they ſtood prepar'd, with fatal
Impetuous rancour, to join battle;
Both thought it was the wiſeſt courſe
To wave the fight and mount to horſe;
And to ſecure by ſwift retreating,
Themſelves from danger of worſe beating.
Yet neither of them would diſparage,
By utt'ring of his mind, his courage;
Which made 'em ſtoutly keep their ground,
With horror and diſdain wind-bound.
And now the cauſe of all their fear
By ſlow degrees approach'd ſo near,
They might diſtinguiſh diff'rent noiſe
Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,
And kettle-drums, whoſe ſullen dub
Sounds like the hooping of a tub.
But when the ſight appear'd in view,
They found it was an antic ſhew;
A triumph, that, for pomp and ſtate,
Did proudeſt Romans emulate:
For as the aldermen of Rome,
Their foes at training overcome,
And not enlarging territory,
(As ſome miſtaken write in ſtory,)
Being mounted in their beſt array,
Upon a car, and who but they?
And follow'd with a world of tall lads,
That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,
Did ride with many a good-morrow,
Crying, Hey for our town through the borough;

So when this triumph grew ſo nigh,
They might particulars deſcry,
They never ſaw two things ſo pat,
In all reſpects, as this and that.
Firſt, he that led the cavalcade,
Wore a ſow-gelder's flagellate,
On which he blew as ſtrong a levet,
As well-fee'd lawyer on his breviate;
When o'er one another's heads
They charge, three ranks at once, like Swedes.
Next pans, and kettles of all keys,
From trebles down to double baſe.
And after them, upon a nag,
That might paſs for a forehand ſtag,
A cornet rode, and on his ſtaff
A ſmoke diſplay'd did proudly wave;
Then bagpipes of the loudeſt drones,
With ſnuffling broken-winded tones,
Whoſe blaſts of air, in pockets ſhut,
Sound filthier than from the gut,
And make a viler noiſe than ſwine,
In windy weather when they whine.
Next one upon a pair of panniers,
Full fraught with that which, for good manners,
Shall here be nameleſs, mix'd with grains,
Which he diſpens'd among the ſwains,
And buſily upon the crowd
At random round about beſtow'd.
Then mounted on a horned horſe,
One bore a gauntlet and gilt ſpurs,
Ty'd to the pummel of a long ſword
He held revers'd, the point turn'd downward:
Next after, on a raw-bon'd ſteed,

The conqu'ror's ſtandard-bearer rid,
And bore aloft before the champion
A petticoat diſplay'd, and rampant:
Near whom the Amazon triumphant
Beſtride her beaſt, and on the rump on't
Sat face to tail, and bum to bum,
The warrior whilom overcome:
Arm'd with a ſpindle and a diſtaff,
Which, as he rode, ſhe made him twiſt off:
And when he loiter'd, o'er her ſhoulder
Chaſtis'd the reformado ſoldier.
Before the dame, and round about,
March'd whifflers, and ſtaffiers on foot,
With lacqueys, grooms, valets, and pages,
In fit and proper equipages;
Of whom, ſome torches bore, ſome links,
Before the proud virago-minx,
That was both madam and a don,
Like Nero's Sporus, or Pope Joan;
And at fit periods the whole rout
Set up their throats with clam'rous ſhout.
The knight tranſported, and the ſquire,
Put up their weapons and their ire;
And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder
On ſuch ſights with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His an'madverſions, for his heart.
Quoth he, In all my life till now
I ne'er ſaw ſo profane a ſhow.
It is a Paganiſh invention,
Which Heathen writers often mention:
And he who made it, had read Goodwin,

Or Roſs, or Coelius Rodogine,
With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,
That beſt deſcribe thoſe antient ſhows;
And has obſerv'd all fit decorums
We find deſcrib'd by old hiſtorians:
For as the Roman conqueror,
That put an end to foreign war,
Ent'ring the town in triumph for it,
Bore a ſlave with him in his chariot;
So this inſulting female brave
Carries behind her here a ſlave:
And as the antients long ago,
When they in field defy'd the foe,
Hung out their *mantles della guerre;*
So her proud ſtandard-bearer here
Waves on his ſpear in dreadful manner,
A Tyrian petticoat for banner.
Next links, and torches, heretofore
Still borne before the Emperor.
And, as in antic triumph, eggs

678 *Bore a ſlave with him in his chariot*, &c.]
----------*Et ſibi conſul*
Ne placeat, curru ſervus portatur eodem.
Juv. ſat. 10.

687 *Hung out*, &c.] *Tunica coccinea ſolebat, pridie quam dimicandum eſſet, ſupra praetorium poni*, Lipſius in Tacit. p. 56.

687 *Next links*, &c.] That the Roman emperors were wont to have torches boré before them, by day, in public, appears by *Herodian. in Pertinace.* Lipſ. in Tacit. p. 16.

Were borne for myſtical intrigues;
There's one in truncheon, like a ladle,
That carries eggs too, freſh or addle;
And ſtill at random, as he goes,
Among the rabble-rout beſtows.
Quoth Ralpho, You miſtake the matter;
For all th' antiquity you ſmatter,
Is but a riding, us'd of courſe,
When the gray mare's the better horſe;
When o'er the breeches greedy women
Fight, to extend their vaſt dominion;
And in the cauſe impatient Grizel
Has drubb'd her huſband with bull's pizzle,
And brought him under covert-baron,
To turn her vaſſal with a murrain;
When wives their ſexes ſhift, like hares,
And ride their huſbands like night-mares,
And they in mortal battle vanquiſh'd,
Are of their charter diſenfranchis'd,
And by their right of war, like gills,
Condemn'd to diſtaff, horns, and wheels:
For when men by their wives are cow'd,
Their horns of courſe are underſtood.
Quoth Hudibras, Thou ſtill giv'ſt ſentence
Impertinently, and againſt ſenſe.
'Tis not the leaſt diſparagement,
To be defeated by th' event,
Nor to be beaten by main force;
That does not make a man the worſe,
Although his ſhoulders with battoon
Be claw'd and cudgell'd to ſome tune;
A tailor's prentice has no hard

Meaſure, that's bang'd with a true yard:
But to turn tail, or run away,
And without blows give up the day;
Or to ſurrender ere th' aſſault,
That's no man's fortune, but his fault;
And renders men of honour leſs
Than all th' adverſity of ſucceſs:
And only unto ſuch this ſhew
Of horns and petticoats is due.
There is a leſſer profanation,
Like that the Romans call'd *ovation*:
For as ovation was allow'd
For conqueſt purchas'd without blood;
So men decree thoſe leſſer ſhows,
For vict'ry gotten without blows,
By dint of ſharp hard words, which ſome
Give battle with, and overcome;
Theſe mounted in a chair-curule,
Which moderns call a cuckling-ſtool,
March proudly to the river's ſide,
And o'er the waves in triumph ride;
Like dukes of Venice, who are ſaid
The Adriatic ſea to wed;
And have a gentler wife than thoſe
For whom the ſtate decrees thoſe ſhows.
But both are Heatheniſh, and come
From th' whores of Babylon and Rome;
And by the ſaints ſhould be withſtood,
As antichriſtian and lewd;
And we, as ſuch, ſhould now contribute
Our utmoſt ſtrugglings to prohibit.
This ſaid, they both advanc'd, and rode

A dog-trot through the bawling croud
T' attack the leader, and ſtill preſt,
Till they approach'd him breaſt to breaſt.
Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
Made ſigns for ſilence; which obtain'd,
What means, quoth he, this devil's proceſſion
With men of orthodox profeſſion?
'Tis ethnic and idolatrous,
From heatheniſm deriv'd to us.
Does not the whore of Bab'lon ride
Upon her horned beaſt aſtride,
Like this proud dame, who either is
A type of her, or ſhe of this?
Are things of ſuperſtitious function
Fit to be us'd in goſpel ſun-ſhine?
It is an antichriſtian opera,
Much us'd in midnight-times of Popery;
Of running after ſelf-inventions
Of wicked and profane intentions;
To ſcandalize that ſex, for ſcolding,
To whom the ſaints are ſo beholding.
Women, who were our firſt apoſtles,
Without whoſe aid w'had all been loſt elſe;
Women, that left no ſtone unturn'd
In which the cauſe might be concern'd,
Brought in their childrens ſpoons and whiſtles,
To purchaſe ſwords, carbines, and piſtols;
Their huſbands cullies, and ſweet-hearts,
To take the ſaints and churches parts;
Drew ſeveral gifted brethren in,
That for the biſhops wou'd have been,
And fix'd 'em conſtant to the party,

With motives powerful and hearty:
Their husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts
T' administer unto their gifts
All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,
To scraps and ends of gold and silver;
Rubb'd down the teachers, tir'd and spent
With holding forth for parliament;
Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal
With marrow puddings many a meal;
Enabled them, with store of meat,
On controverted points to eat;
And cramm'd 'em, till their guts did ake,
With cawdle, custard, and plum-cake.
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the cause at London?
March'd rank and file, with drum and ensign,
T' intrench the city for defence in?
Rais'd rampiers with their own soft hands,
To put the enemy to stands;
From ladies down to oyster-wenches
Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,
Fell to their pickaxes and tools,
And help'd the men to dig like moles?
Have not the handmaids of the city
Chose of their members a committee,
For raising of a common purse
Out of their wages, to raise horse?
And do they not as triers sit,
To judge what officers are fit?
Have they------? At that an egg let fly,
Hit him directly o'er the eye,
And running down his cheek, besmear'd

With orange tawny ſlime his beard;
But beard and ſlime b'ing of one hue,
The wound the leſs appear'd in view.
Then he that on the panniers rode,
Let fly on th' other ſide a load;
And quickly charg'd again, gave fully
In Ralpho's face another volley.
The knight was ſtartled with the ſmell,
And for his ſword began to feel:
And Ralpho, ſmother'd with the ſtink,
Graſp'd his; when one that bore a link,
O' th' ſudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,
Like Linſtoc, to the horſe's touch hole;
And ſtraight another, with his flambeaux,
Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.
The beaſts began to kick and fling,
And forc'd the rout to make a ring;
Through which they quickly broke their way,
And brought them off from further fray;
And though diſorder'd in retreat,
Each of them ſtoutly kept his ſeat:
For quitting both their ſwords and reins,
They graſp'd with all their ſtrength the manes.
And, to avoid the foes purſuit,
With ſpurring put their cattle to't;
And till all four were out of wind,
And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.
After th'had paus'd a while, ſupplying
Their ſpirits ſpent with fight and flying,
And Hudibras recruited force
Of lungs for action, or diſcourſe:
Quoth he, That man is ſure to loſe,

That fouls his hands with dirty foes:
For where no honour's to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in b'ing maintain'd.
'Twas ill for us, we had to do
With ſo diſhonourable a foe:
For though the law of arms doth bar
The uſe of venom'd ſhot in war;
Yet by the nauſeous ſmell, and noiſom,
Their caſe-ſhot ſavours ſtrong of poiſon;
And doubtleſs has been chew'd with teeth
Of ſome that had a ſtinking breath;
Elſe when we put it to the puſh,
They had not giv'n us ſuch a bruſh:
But as thoſe pultroons that fling dirt,
Do but defile, but cannot hurt;
So all the honour they have won,
Or we have loſt, is much at one.
'Twas well we made ſo reſolute
A brave retreat, without purſuit;
For if we had not, we had ſped
Much worſe, to be in triumph led;
Than which the ancients held no ſtate
Of man's life more unfortunate.
But if this bold adventure e'er
Do chance to reach the widow's ear,
It may, b'ing deſtin'd to aſſert
Her ſex's honour, reach her heart.
And as ſuch homely treats, they ſay,
Portend good fortune, ſo this may.
Veſpaſian being daub'd with dirt,

879 *Veſpaſian being daub'd*, &c.] *C. Caeſar ſuccenſens, propter curam verrendis viis non adhibitam, luto juſſit op-*

Was deſtin'd to the empire for't;
And from a ſcavenger did come
To be a mighty prince in Rome:
And why may not this foul addreſs
Preſage in love the ſame ſucceſs?
Then let us ſtraight, to cleanſe our wounds,
Advance in queſt of neareſt ponds;
And after, as we firſt deſign'd,
Swear I've perform'd what ſhe injoin'd.

pleri, congeſto per miſites in praetextae ſinum. Sueton. in Veſpaſ. cap. 5.

CANTO III.

The Argument.

The knight, with various doubts poſſeſt,
To win the lady goes in queſt
Of Sidrophel the Roſicrucian,
To know the deſt'nies reſolution;
With whom b'ing met, they both chop logic
About the ſcience aſtrologic;
Till falling from diſpute to fight,
The conj'rer's worſted by the knight.

DOUBTLESS the pleaſure is at great
Of being cheated, as to cheat:
As lookers on feel moſt delight,
That leaſt perceive a juggler's ſlight;
And ſtill the leſs they underſtand,
The more th' admire his ſlight of hand.
Some with a noiſe, and greaſy light,
Are ſnapt, as men catch larks by night,
Inſnar'd and hamper'd by the ſoul,
As nooſes by the legs catch fowl.
Some with a med'cine, and receipt,
Are drawn to nibble at the bait;
And though it be a two-foot trout,
'Tis with a ſingle hair pull'd out.

Was deſtin'd to the empire for't;
And from a ſcavenger did come
To be a mighty prince in Rome:
And why may not this foul addreſs
Preſage in love the ſame ſucceſs?
Then let us ſtraight, to cleanſe our wounds,
Advance in queſt of neareſt ponds;
And after, as we firſt deſign'd,
Swear I've perform'd what ſhe injoin'd.

pleri, congeſto per milites in praetextae ſinum. Sueton. in Veſpaſ. cap. 5.

CANTO III.

The Argument.

The knight, with various doubts poſſeſt,
To win the lady goes in queſt
Of Sidrophel the Roſicrucian,
To know the deſt'nies reſolution;
With whom b'ing met, they both chop logic
About the ſcience aſtrologic;
Till falling from diſpute to fight,
The conj'rer's worſted by the knight.

DOUBTLESS the pleaſure is at great
Of being cheated, as to cheat:
As lookers on feel moſt delight,
That leaſt perceive a juggler's ſlight;
And ſtill the leſs they underſtand,
The more th' admire his ſlight of hand.
Some with a noiſe, and greaſy light,
Are ſnapt, as men catch larks by night,
Inſnar'd and hamper'd by the ſoul,
As nooſes by the legs catch fowl.
Some with a med'cine, and receipt,
Are drawn to nibble at the bait;
And though it be a two-foot trout,
'Tis with a ſingle hair pull'd out.

Others believe no voice t'an organ
So ſweat as lawyer's in his bar-gown;
Until with ſubtle cobweb-cheats,
Th'are catch'd in knotted law like nets:
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they ſtir the more they're tangled:
And while their purſes can diſpute,
There's no end of th' immortal ſuit.
Others ſtill gape t' anticipate
The cabinet-deſigns of fate;
Apply to wizzards to foreſee
What ſhall, and what ſhall never be.
And as thoſe vultures do forebode,
Believe events prove bad or good.
A ſlam more ſenſeleſs than the roguery
Of old aruſpicy and aug'ry,
That out of garbages of cattle
Preſag'd the events of truce or battle;
From flight of birds, or chickens pecking,
Succeſs of great'ſt attempts would reckon:
Though cheats yet more intelligible,
Than thoſe that with the ſtars do fribble.
This Hudibras by proof found true,
As in due time and place we'll ſhew:
For he with beard and face made clean,
B'ing mounted on his ſteed again;
(And Ralpho got a cock-horſe too
Upon his beaſt, with much ado)
Advanc'd on for the widow's houſe,
T' acquit himſelf, and pay his vows;
When various thoughts began to buſtle,
And with his inward man to juſtle.

He thought what danger might accrue,
If ſhe ſhould find he ſwore untrue:
Or if his ſquire or he ſhould fail,
And not be punctual in their tale;
It might at once the ruin prove
Both of his honour, faith, and love.
But if he ſhould forbear to go,
She might conclude h'had broke his vow;
And that he durſt not now for ſhame
Appear in court, to try his claim.
This was the pen'worth of his thought,
To paſs time, and uneaſy trot.
Quoth he, In all my paſt adventures,
I ne'er was ſet ſo on the tenters;
Or taken tardy with dilemma,
That ev'ry way I turn does hem me;
And with inextricable doubt,
Beſets my puzzled wits about:
For though the dame has been my bail,
To free me from inchanted jail;
Yet as a dog committed cloſe
For ſome offence, by chance breaks looſe,
And quits his clog; but all in vain,
He ſtill draws after him his chain:
So though my ancle ſhe hath quitted,
My heart continues ſtill committed;
And like a bail'd and main priz'd lover,
Although at large, I am bound over.
And when I ſhall appear in court,
To plead my cauſe, and anſwer for't,
Unleſs the judge do partial prove,
What will become of me and love?

For if in our account we vary,
Or but in circumſtance miſcarry;
Or if ſhe put me to ſtrict proof,
And make me pull my doublet off,
To ſhew, by evident record
Writ on my ſkin, I've kept my word,
How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having demurr'd unto her favour?
But faith, and love, and honour loſt,
Shall be reduc'd t' a knight o' th' poſt.
Beſide, that ſtripping may prevent
What I'm to prove by argument;
And juſtify I have a tail,
And that way too my proof may fail.
Oh! that I could enucleate,
And ſolve the problems of my fate;
Or find by necromantic art,
How far the deſt'nies take my part;
For if I were not more than certain
To win, and wear her, and her fortune,
I'd go no farther in this courtſhip,
To hazard ſoul, eſtate, and worſhip;
For though an oath obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got,
(As thou haſt prov'd), yet 'tis profane,
And ſinful, when men ſwear in vain.
Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,
That deals in deſtiny's dark counſels,
And ſage opinions of the moon ſells;
To whom all people, far and near,
On deep importances repair;

When braſs and pewter hap to ſtray,
And linen ſlinks out of the way:
When geeſe and pullen are ſeduc'd,
And ſows of ſucking pigs are chous'd;
When cattle feel indiſpoſition,
And need th' opinion of phyſician;
When murrain reigns in hogs or ſheep,
And chickens languiſh of the pip;
When yeaſt and outward means do fail,
And have no pow'r to work on ale;
When butter does refuſe to come,
And love proves croſs and humourſome;
To him with queſtions, and with urine,
They for diſcovery flock, or curing.
Quoth Hudibras, This Sidrophel
I've heard of, and ſhould like it well,
If thou canſt prove the ſaints have freedom
To go to ſorc'rers when they need 'em.
Says Ralpho, There's no doubt of that;
Thoſe principles I quoted late,
Prove that the godly may alledge
For any thing their privilege;
And to the dev'l himſelf may go,
If they have motives thereunto.
For as there is a war between
The dev'l and them, it is no ſin,
If they by ſubtle ſtratagem
Make uſe of him, as he does them.
Has not this preſent parliament
A ledger to the devil ſent,

140 *A ledger*, &c.] The witch-finder in Suffolk,

Fully impower'd to treat about
Finding revolted witches out?
And has not he, within a year,
Hang'd threeſcore of 'em in one ſhire?
Some only for not being drown'd,
And ſome for ſitting above ground,
Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches.
And ſome for putting knaviſh tricks
Upon green geeſe, and turkey-chicks,
Or pigs that ſuddenly deceaſt
Of grieſs unnat'ral, as he gueſt;
Who after prov'd himſelf a witch,
And made a rod for his own breech.
Did not the devil appear to Martin
Luther in Germany, for certain?
And wou'd have gull'd him with a trick,
But Mart. was too too politic.
Did he not help the Dutch to purge

who, in the Preſbyterian times, had a commiſſion to diſcover witches; of whom (right or wrong) he cauſed ſixty to be hanged within the compaſs of one year; and among the reſt, the old miniſter, who had been a painful preacher for many years.

159 *Did he not help the Dutch*, &c.] In the beginning of the civil wars of Flanders, the common people of Antwerp in a tumult broke open the cathedral church, to demoliſh images and ſhrines; and did ſo much miſchief in a ſmall time, that Strada writes, there were ſeveral devils ſeen very buſy among them, otherwiſe it had been impoſſible.

At Antwerp their chathedral church?
Sing catches to the ſaints at Maſcon,
And tell them all they came to aſk him?
Appear in divers ſhapes to Kelly,
And ſpeak i' th' nun of Loudon's belly,
Meet with the parliament's committee,
At Woodſtock on a pers'nal treaty?
At Sarum take a cavalier

161 *Sing catches*, &c.] This devil at Maſcon delivered all his oracles, like his forefathers, in verſe, which he ſung to tunes. He made ſeveral lampoons upon the Hugonots, and foretold them many things which afterwards came to paſs; as may be ſeen in his memoirs, written in French.

163 *Appear in divers*, &c.] The hiſtory of Doctor Dee and the Devil, publiſhed by Mr Caſaubon. Iſaac Fil. prebendary of Canterbury, has a large account of all thoſe paſſages; in which the ſtyle of the true and falſe angels appears to be penned by one and the ſame perſon. The nun of Loudon in France, and all her tricks, have been ſeen by many perſons of quality of this nation, yet living, who have made very good obſervations upon the French book written upon that occaſion.

165 *Meet with*, &c.] A committee of the long parliament, ſitting in the King's houſe in Woodſtock-park, were terrified with ſeveral apparitions, the particulars whereof were then the news of the whole nation.

167 *At Sarum*, &c.] Withers has a long ſtory in doggerel, of a ſoldier of the King's army, who, be-

I' th' cauſe's ſervice priſoner?
As Withers in immortal rhyme
Has regiſter'd to after-time.
Do not our great reformers uſe
This Sidrophel to forebode news;
To write of victories next year,
And caſtles taken yet i' th' air?
Of battles fought at ſea, and ſhips
Sunk two years hence, the laſt eclipſe?
A total overthrow giv'n the King
In Cornwall, horſe and foot, next ſpring?
And has not he point-blank foretold
Whats'e'er the cloſe committee would?
Made Mars and Saturn for the cauſe,
The moon for fundamental laws;
The Ram, the Bull, and Goat declare
Againſt the book of common pray'r?
The Scorpion take the proteſtation,
And Bear engage for reformation;
Made all the royal ſtars recant,
Compound and take the covenant?
  Quoth Hudibras, The caſe is clear,
The ſaints may 'mploy a conjurer;
As thou has prov'd it by their practice:
No argument like matter of fact is.
And we are beſt of all led to
Mens principles, by what they do.
Then let us ſtraight advance in queſt

ing a priſoner at Saliſbury, and drinking a health to the devil upon his knees, was carried away by him through a ſingle pane of glaſs.

Of this profound gymnoſophiſt;
And as the fates and he adviſe,
Purſue, or wave this enterpriſe.
This ſaid, he turn'd about his ſteed,
And eftſoons on th' adventure rid;
Where leave we him and Ralph a while,
And to the conj'rer turn our ſtyle,
To let our reader underſtand
What's uſeful of him before hand.
He had been long t'wards mathematics,
Optics, philoſophy, and ſtatics,
Magic, horoſcopy, aſtrology,
And was old dog at phyſiology:
But, as a dog that turns the ſpit,
Beſtirs himſelf, and plies his feet
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again;
And ſtill he's in the ſelf ſame place
Where at his ſetting out he was:
So in the circle of the arts
Did he advance his nat'ral parts;
Till falling back ſtill, for retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat:
For as thoſe fowls that live in water
Are never wet, he did but ſmatter;
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His underſtanding ſtill was clear.
Yet none a deeper knowledge boaſted,
Since old Hodge Bacon and Bob Groſted.

224 *Since old Hodge Bacon*, &c.] Roger Bacon, commonly called *Friar Bacon*, lived in the reign of

Th' intelligible world he knew,
And all men dream on't, to be true;
That in this world there's not a wart
That has not there a counterpart;
Nor can there on the face of ground
An individual beard be found,
That has not, in that foreign nation,
A fellow of the ſelf-ſame faſhion;
So cut, ſo colour'd, and ſo curl'd,
As thoſe are in th' inferior world:
H' had read Dee's prefaces before,
The Dev'l and Euclid o'er and o'er;
And all th' intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,
Leſcus and th' Emperor wou'd tell ye:
But with the moon was more familiar
Than e'er was almanack well-willer;
Her ſecrets underſtood ſo clear,
That ſome believ'd he had been there;
Knew when ſhe was in fitteſt mood,

our Edward I. and, for ſome little ſkill he had in the mathematics, was by the rabble accounted a conjurer, and had the ſottiſh ſtory of the brazen head fathered upon him, by the ignorant monks of thoſe days. Robert Groſthead was Biſhop of Lincoln in the reign of Henry III. He was a learned man for thoſe times, and for that reaſon ſuſpected by the clergy to be a conjurer; for which crime being degraded by Pope Innocent IV. and ſummoned to appear at Rome, he appealed to the tribunal of Chriſt; which our lawyers ſay is illegal, if not a præmunire, for offering to appeal to a foreign court.

For cutting corns, or letting blood;
When for anointing ſcabs or itches,
Or to the bum applying leeches;
When ſows and bitches may be ſpay'd,
And in what ſign beſt cyder's made;
Whether the wane be, or increaſe,
Beſt to ſet garlic, or ſow peaſe:
Who firſt found out the man i'th'moon,
That to the antients was unknown;
How many dukes, and earls, and peers,
Are in the planetary ſpheres;
Their airy empire, and command,
Their ſev'ral ſtrengths by ſea and land;
What factions th'have, and what they drive at
In public vogue, or what in private;
With what deſigns and intereſts
Each party manages conteſts.
He made an inſtrument to know
If the moon ſhine at full or no;
That wou'd, as ſoon as e'er ſhe ſhone, ſtraight
Whether 'twere night or day demonſtrate;
Tell what her d'meter to an inch is,
And prove that ſhe's not made of green cheeſe.
It would demonſtrate, that the man in
The moon's a ſea mediterranean;
And that it is no dog nor bitch,
That ſtands behind him at his breech,
But a huge Caſpian ſea, or lake
With arms, which men for legs miſtake;
How large a gulph his tail compoſes,
And what a goodly bay his noſe is;
How many German leagues by th' ſcale

Cape Snout's from promontory Tail.
He made a planetary gin,
Which rats would run their own heads in,
And come on purpoſe to be taken,
Without the expence of cheeſe or bacon:
With lute-ſtrings he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on diſh of meat;
Quote moles and ſpots on any place
O'th'body, by the index face;
Detect loſt maidenheads, by ſneezing,
Or breaking wind of dames, or piſſing;
Cure warts and corns, with application,
Of med'cines to th'imagination;
Fright agues into dogs, and ſcare
With rhymes the tooth-ach and catarrh:
Chaſe evil ſpirits away by dint
Of cycle, horſe-ſhoe, hollow flint;
Spit fire out of a walnut-ſhell,
Which made the Roman ſlaves rebel;
And fire a mine in China here,
With ſympathetic gun-powder.
He knew whats'ever's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own:
What med'cine 'twas that Paracelſus
Could make man with, as he tells us;
What figur'd ſlates are beſt to make
On wat'ry ſurface duck or drake;
What bowling ſtones, in running race
Upon a board, have ſwifteſt pace;
Whether a pulſe beat in the black
Liſt of a dapple louſe's back;
If ſyſtole or diaſtole move

Quickeſt when he's in wrath or love;
When two of them do run a race,
Whether they gallop, trot, or pace;
How many ſcores a flea will jump,
Of his own length, from head to rump;
Which Socrates and Chaerephon
In vain eſſay'd ſo long agone;
Whether his ſnout a perfect noſe is,
And not an elephant's proboſcis;
How many different ſpecies
Of maggots breed in rotten cheeſe;
And which are next of kin to thoſe
Engender'd in a chandler's noſe;
Or thoſe not ſeen, but underſtood,
That live in vinegar and wood.
A paltry wretch he had, half-ſtarv'd,
That him in place of Zany ſerv'd,
Hight Whachum, bred to daſh and draw
Not wine, but more unwholeſome law;
To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
Wide as meridians in maps;
To ſquander paper, and ſpare ink,
Or cheat men of their words, ſome think.
From this, by merited degrees,
He'd to more high advancement riſe;
To be an under conjurer,
Or journey-man aſtrologer:

313 *Which Socrates*, &c.] Ariſtophanes, in his comedy of the clouds, brings in Socrates and Chaerephon meaſuring the leap of a flea from the one's beard to the other's.

His bus'neſs was to pump and wheedle,
And men with their own keys unriddle,
To make them to themſelves give anſwers,
For which they pay the necromancers;
To fetch and carry intelligence,
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
And all diſcoveries diſperſe
Among th' whole pack of conjurers;
What cut-purſes have left with them,
For the right owners to redeem;
And what they dare not vent, find out,
To gain themſelves and th'art repute:
Draw figures, ſchemes, and horoſcopes,
Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers ſhops,
Of thieves aſcendant in the cart;
And find out all by rules of art:
Which way a ſerving-man, that's run
With cloaths or money away, is gone;
Who pick'd a fob at holding forth,
And where a watch for half the worth
May be redeem'd; or ſtolen plate
Reſtor'd at conſcionable rate.
Beſide all this, he ſerv'd his maſter
In quality of poetaſter:
And rhymes appropiate could make
To ev'ry month i'th' almanack;
When terms begin and end could tell,
With their returns, in doggerel;
When the exchequer opes and ſhuts,
And ſow-gelder with ſafety cuts;
When men may eat and drink their fill,
And when be temp'rate if they will;

When uſe, and when abſtain from vice,
Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and ſpice.
And as in priſon mean rogues beat
Hemp for the ſervice of the great;
So Whachum beat his dirty brains
T' advance his maſter's fame and gains;
And like the devil's oracles,
Put into dogg'rel rhymes his ſpells,
Which, over ev'ry month's blank page
I' th' almanack, ſtrange bilks preſage.
He would an elegy compoſe
On maggots ſqueez'd out of his noſe;
In lyric numbers write an ode on
His miſtreſs, eating a black-pudden;
And when impriſon'd air eſcap'd her,
It puff'd him with poetic rapture.
His ſonnets charm'd th' attentive crowd,
By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
That, circled with his long-ear'd gueſts
Like Orpheus look'd among the beaſts;
A carman's horſe could not paſs by,
But ſtood ty'd up to poetry;
No porter's burden paſs'd along,
But ſerv'd for burden to his ſong.
Each window, like a pill'ry appears,
With heads thruſt through, nail'd by the ears.
All trades run in as to the ſight
Of monſters, or their dear delight
The gallows-tree, when cutting purſe
Breeds bus'neſs for heroic verſe,
Which none does hear, but would have hung
T' have been the theme of ſuch a ſong.

Thoſe two together long had liv'd,
In manſion prudently contriv'd;
Where neither tree, nor houſe could bar
The free detection of a ſtar;
And nigh an ancient obeliſk
Was rais'd by him, found out by Fiſk,
On which was written, not in words,
But hieroglyphic mute of birds,
Many rare pithy ſaws concerning
The worth of aſtrologic learning:
From top of this there hung a rope,
To which he faſten'd teleſcope;
The ſpectacles with which the ſtars
He reads in ſmalleſt characters.
It happen'd as a boy, one night,
Did fly his tarſel of a kite;
The ſtrangeſt long-wing'd hawk that flies,
That, like a bird of paradiſe,
Or herald's martlet, has no legs,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs;
His train was ſix yards long, milk-white,
At th' end of which there hung a light,
Inclos'd in lanthorn made of paper,
That far off like a ſtar did appear.
This Sidrophel by chance eſpy'd,
And with amazement ſtaring wide,
Bleſs us! quoth he, what dreadful wonder

404 *Was rais'd by him*, &c.] This Fiſk was the late famous aſtrologer, who flouriſhed about the time of Subtile and Face, and was equally celebrated by Ben Johnſon.

Is that appears in heaven yonder?
A comet, and without a beard,
Or ſtar that ne'er before appear'd?
I'm certain 'tis not in the ſcrowl
Of all thoſe beaſts, and fiſh and fowl,
With which, like Indian plantations,
The learnd ſtock the conſtellations;
Nor thoſe that drawn for ſigns have been,
To th' houſes where the planets inn.
It muſt be ſupernatural,
Unleſs it be that cannon-ball,
That, ſhot i'th' air point-blank upright,
Was born to that prodigious heighth,
That learn'd philoſophers maintain,
It ne'er came backwards down again;
But, in the airy region yet,
Hangs like the body of Mahomet:
For if it be above the ſhade
That by the earth's round bulk is made,
'Tis probable it may from far
Appear no bullet, but a ſtar.
This ſaid, he to his engine flew,
Plac'd near at hand in open view,
And rais'd it till it levell'd right

436 *Unleſs it be*, &c.] This experiment was tried by ſome foreign virtuoſos, who planted a piece of ordnance point-blank againſt the zenith, and having fired it, the bullet never rebounded back again; which made them all conclude, that it ſticks in the mark: But des Cartes was of opinion that it does but hang in the air.

Againſt the glow-worm tail of kite.
Then peeping through, Bleſs us! quoth he,
It is a planet now I ſee;
And if I err not, by his proper
Figure, that's like tobacco-ſtopper,
It ſhould be Saturn; yes, 'tis clear
'Tis Saturn; but what makes him there
He's got between the Dragon's tail,
And farther leg behind o' th' Whale:
Pray Heaven divert the fatal omen,
For 'tis a prodigy not common;
And can no leſs than the world's end,
Or nature's funeral portend.
With that he fell again to pry
Through perſpective more wiſtfully;
When by miſchance the fatal ſtring,
That kept the tow'ring fowl on wing,
Breaking, down fell the ſtar: Well ſhot,
Quoth Whachum, who right wiſely thought
H'had levell'd at a ſtar, and hit it.
But Sidrophel, more ſubtil witted,
Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful
Portent is this, to ſee a ſtar fall?
It threatens nature, and the doom
Will not be long before it come!
When ſtars do fall, 'tis plain enough,
The day of judgment's not far off:
As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick,

477 *As lately 'twas*, &c.] This Sedgwick had many perſons, and ſome of quality, that believed in him, and prepared to keep the day of judgment with

And ſome of us find out by magic.
Then ſince the time we have to live
In this world's ſhorten'd, let us ſtrive
To make our beſt advantage of it,
And pay our loſſes with our profit.
This feat fell out not long before
The knight, upon the forenam'd ſcore,
In queſt of Sidrophel advancing,
Was now in proſpect of the manſion:
Whom he diſcov'ring, tun'd his glaſs,
And found far off, 'twas Hudibras.
Whachum, quoth he, look yonder, ſome
To try or uſe our art are come:
The one's the learned knight; ſeek out,
And pump 'em what they come about.
Whachum advanc'd with all ſubmiſſneſs
T' accoſt 'em, but much more their bus'neſs:
He held a ſtirrup while the knight
From leathern bare-bones did alight;
And taking from his hand the bridle,
Approach'd the dark ſquire to unriddle:
He gave him firſt the time o' th' day,
And welcom'd him, as he might ſay:
He aſk'd him whence they came, and whither
Their bus'neſs lay? Quoth Ralpho, Hither.
Did you not loſe? Quoth Ralpho, Nay.
Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way!
Your knight-----Quoth Ralpho, is a lover,

him, but were diſappointed; for which the falſe prophet was afterwards called by the name of *Doomſday Sedgwick*.

And pains intol'rable doth ſuffer:
For lovers hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lungs, and ſo forth downwards.
What time? Quoth Ralpho, Sir, too long,
Three years it off and on has hung------
Quoth he, I meant what time o' the day 'tis.
Quoth Ralpho, Between ſeven and eight 'tis.
Why then, quoth Whachum, my ſmall art
Tells me the dame has a hard heart;
Or great eſtate------Quoth Ralph, A jointure,
Which makes him have ſo hot a mind t'her.
Mean while the knight was making water,
Before he fell upon the matter;
Which having done, the wizard ſteps in,
To give him ſuitable reception;
But kept his bus'neſs at a bay,
Till Whachum put him in the way;
Who having now, by Ralpho's light,
Expounded th' errand of the knight;
And what he came to know, drew near,
To whiſper in the conj'rer's ear;
Which he prevented thus: What was't,
Quoth he, that I was ſaying laſt,
Before theſe gentlemen arriv'd?
Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd,
In oppoſition with Mars,
And no benign and friendly ſtars
T' allay th' effect. Quoth wizard, So!
In Virgo? Ha! Quoth Whachum, No:
Has Saturn nothing to do in it?
One tenth of's circle to a minute.
'Tis well, quoth he,------Sir, you'll excuſe

This rudeneſs I am forc'd to uſe;
It is a ſcheme and face of heaven,
As th' aſpects are diſpos'd this even,
I was contemplating upon
When you arriv'd; but now I've done.
Quoth Hudibras, If I appear
Unſeaſonable in coming here
At ſuch a time to interrupt
Your ſpeculations, which I hop'd
Aſſiſtance from, and come to uſe,
'Tis fit that I aſk your excuſe.
By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel,
The ſtars your coming did foretel;
I did expect you here, and knew
Before you ſpake your bus'neſs too.
Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear,
And I ſhall credit whatſoe'er
You tell me after on your word,
Howe'er unlikely or abſurd.
You are in love, Sir, with a widow,
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,
And for three years has rid your wit
And paſſion, without drawing bit:
And now your bus'neſs is to know
If you ſhall carry her or no.
Quoth Hudibras, You're in the right;
But how the devil you came by't,
I can't imagine; for the ſtars,
I'm ſure, can tell no more than horſe;
Nor can their aſpects, though you pore
Your eyes out on 'em, tell you more
Than th' oracle of ſieve and ſheers;

That turns as certain as the ſpheres:
But if the devil's of your counſel,
Much may be done, my noble Donzel;
And 'tis on his account I come
To know from you my fatal doom.
Quoth Sidrophel, If you ſuppoſe,
Sir Knight, that I am one of thoſe,
I might ſuſpect, and take th' alarm,
Your buſ'neſs is but to inform;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a wrong ſow by the ear;
For I aſſure you, for my part,
I only deal by rules of art;
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Concluſions of aſtrology:
But for the dev'l, know nothing by him,
But only this, that I defy him.
Quoth he, whatever others deem ye,
I underſtand your metonymy;
Your words of ſecond-hand intention,
When things by wrongful names you mention
The myſtic ſenſe of all your terms,
That are indeed but magic charms,
To raiſe the devil, and mean one thing,
And that is down-right conjuring;
And in itſelf more warrantable
Than cheat, or canting to a rabble,
Or putting tricks upon the moon,
Which by confed'racy are done.
Your ancient conjurers were wont
To make her from her ſphere diſmount,
And to their incantations ſtoop;

They ſcorn'd to pore through teleſcope,
Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy or fair weather,
Which ev'ry almanack can tell
Perhaps as learnedly and well
As you yourſelf------Then, friend, I doubt
You go the fartheſt way about:
Your modern Indian magician
Makes but a hole in th' earth to piſs in,
And ſtraight reſolves all queſtions by't,
And ſeldom fails to be i' th' right.
The Roſycrucian's way's more ſure
To bring the devil to the lure;
Each of 'em has a ſev'ral gin,
To catch intelligences in.
Some by the noſe with fumes trapan 'em,
As Dunſtan did the devil's grannum;
Others with characters and words
Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds;
And ſome with ſymbols, ſigns, and tricks,
Ingrav'd in planetary nicks,
With their own infl'ences will fetch 'em
Down from their orbs, arreſt, and catch 'em;
Make 'em depoſe, and anſwer to
All queſtions, ere they let them go.
Bumbaſtus kept a devil's bird

609 *Your modern Indian*, &c.] This compendious new way of magic is affirmed by Monſ. Le Blanc, in his travels, to be uſed in the Eaſt Indies.

627 *Bumbaſtus kept*, &c.] Paracelſus is ſaid to have kept a ſmall devil in priſon in the pummel of

Shut in the pummel of his ſword,
That taught him all the cunning pranks
Of paſt and future mountebanks.
Kelly did all his feats upon
The devil's looking-glaſs, a ſtone;
Where playing with him at bo-peep,
He ſolv'd all problems ne'er ſo deep.
Agrippa kept a Stygian pug
I' th' garb and habit of a dog,
That was his tutor, and the cur
Read to th' occult philoſopher,
And taught him ſubtly to maintain
All other ſciences are vain.
To this, quoth Sidrophel, Oh! Sir,

his ſword; which was the reaſon, perhaps, why he was ſo valiant in his drink. Howſoever, it was to better purpoſe than Hannibal carried poiſon in his, to diſpatch himſelf, if he ſhould happen to be ſurpriſed in any great extremity; for the ſword would have done the feat alone, much better, and more ſoldier-like. And it was below the honour of ſo great a commander, to go out of the world like a rat.

635 *Agrippa kept*, &c.] Cornelius Agrippa had a dog that was ſuſpected to be a ſpirit, for ſome tricks he was wont to do, beyond the capacity of a dog, as it was thought: But the author of *Magia Adamica* has taken a great deal of pains to vindicate both the doctor and the dog from the aſperſion; in which he has ſhewn a very great reſpect and kindneſs for them both.

Agrippa was no conjurer,
Nor Paracelſus, no nor Behmen;
Nor was the dog a cacodaemon,
But a true dog that would ſhew tricks
For th' emperor, and leap o'er ſticks;
Would fetch and carry, was more civil
Than other dogs, but yet no devil;
And whatſoe'r he's ſaid to do,
He went the ſelf-ſame way we go.
As for the Roſy-croſs philoſophers,
Whom you will have to be but ſorc'rers,
What they pretend to, is no more
Than Triſmegiſtus did before,
Pythagoras, old Zoroaſter,
And Apollonius their maſter;
To whom they do confeſs they owe
All that they do, and all they know.
Quoth Hudibras, Alas! what is't t'us,
Whether 'twere ſaid by Triſmegiſtus,
If it be nonſenſe, falſe, or myſtic,
Or not intelligible, or ſophiſtic?
'Tis not antiquity, nor author,
That makes Truth truth, altho' Time's daughter;
'Twas he that put her in the pit,
Before he pull'd her out of it;
And as he eats his ſons, juſt ſo
He feeds upon his daughters too:
Nor does it follow, 'cauſe a herald
Can make a gentleman, ſcarce a year old,
To be deſcended of a race
Of ancient kings, in a ſmall ſpace;
That we ſhould all opinions hold

Authentic, that we can make old.
Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part
Of prudence to cry down an art;
And what it may perform, deny,
Becauſe you underſtand not why.
(As Averrhoes play'd but a mean trick,
To damn our whole art for eccentric.)
For who knows all that knowledge contains?
Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,
But on their ſides, or riſing's ſeat;
So 'tis with knowledge's vaſt heighth.
Do not the hiſt'ries of all ages
Relate miraculous preſages
Of ſtrange turns in the world's affairs
Foreſeen b'aſtrologers, ſoothſayers,
Chaldeans, learned genethliacs,
And ſome that have writ almanacks?
The Median emp'ror dream'd his daughter
Had piſs'd all Aſia under water,
And that a vine, ſprung from her hanches,
O'erſpread his empire with its branches;

679 *As Averrhoes*, &c.] Averrhoes aſtronomiam propter eccentricos contempſit. *Phil. Melanchon in Elem. Phil. p.* 781.

691 *The Median Emp'ror dream'd his daughter*, &c.] Aſtyages, King of Media, had this dream of his daughter Mandane; and the interpretation from the Magi: wherefore he married her to a Perſian of mean quality, by whom ſhe had Cyrus, who conquered all Aſia, and tranſlated the empire from the Medes to the Perſians. *Herodot. l.* 1.

And did not ſoothſayers expound it,
As after by th' event he found it?
When Caeſar in the ſenate fell,
Did not the ſun eclips'd foretel,
And, in reſentment of his ſlaughter,
Look pale for almoſt a year after?
Auguſtus having b' overſight
Put on his left ſhoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been ſlain that day
By ſoldiers mut'ning for pay.
Are there not myriads of this ſort,
Which ſtories of all times report?
Is it not om'nous in all countries,
When crows and ravens croak upon trees?
The Roman ſenate, when within
The city-walls an owl was ſeen,
Did cauſe their clergy, with luſtrations,
(Our ſynod calls humiliations,)
The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert,
From doing town and country hurt.
And if an owl have ſo much pow'r,
Why ſhould not planets have much more?

697 *When Caeſar*, &c.] Fiunt aliquando prodigioſi, et longiores ſolis defectus, quales occiſo Caeſare Dictatore, et Antoniano bello, totius anni pallore continuo. *Plin.*

701 *Auguſtus having*, &c.] Divus Auguſtus laevum ſibi prodidit calceum praepoſtere indutum, quo die ſeditione militum prope afflictus eſt. *Idem, l.* 2.

709 *The Roman Senate*, &c.] Romani, L. Craſſo et C. Mario Coſſ. viſo bubone, orbem luſtrabant.

That in a region far above
Inferior fowls of the air move,
And ſhould ſee farther, and foreknow
More than their augury below?
Though that once ſerv'd the polity
Of mighty ſtates to govern by;
And this is what we take in hand
By pow'rful art to underſtand;
Which how we have perform'd, all ages
Can ſpeak th' events of our preſages.
Have we not lately, in the moon,
Found a new world, to th' old unknown?
Diſcover'd ſea and land, Columbus
And Magellan could never compaſs?
Made mountains with our tubes appear,
And cattle grazing on 'em there?
Quoth Hudibras, You lie ſo ope,
That I, without a teleſcope,
Can find your tricks out, and deſcry
Where you tell truth, and where you lie:
For Anaxagoras long agone
Saw hills, as well as you, i' th' moon;
And held the ſun was but a piece
Of red-hot iron as big as Greece;

737 *For Anaxagoras*, &c.] Anaxagoras affirmabat ſolem candens ferrum eſſe, et Peloponneſo majorem: lunam habitacula in ſe habere, et colles, et valles. Fertur dixiſſe coelum omne ex lapidibus eſſe compoſitum. Damnatus et in exilium pulſus eſt, quod impie ſolem candentem laminam eſſe dixiſſet. *Diog. Laert. in Anaxag. p.* 11. 13.

Believ'd the heav'ns were made of ſtone,
Becauſe the ſun had voided one;
And, rather than he would recant
Th' opinion, ſuffer'd baniſhment.
But what, alas! is it to us,
Whether i' th' moon men thus or thus
Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
Or whether they have tails or horns?
What trade from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from France?
What can our travellers bring home,
That is not to be learn'd at Rome?
What politics, or ſtrange opinions,
That are not in our own dominions?
What ſcience can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence?
What revelations, or religions,
That are not in our native regions?
Are ſweating-lanthorns, or ſcreen-fans,
Made better there, than they're in France?
Or do they teach to ſing and play
O' th' guittar there a newer way?
Can they make plays there that ſhall fit
The public humour, with leſs wit?
Write wittier dancies, quainter ſhows,
Or fight with more ingenious blows?
Or does the man i' th' moon look big,
And wear a huger periwig,
Shew in his gate, or face, more tricks
Than our own native lunatics?
But if w' outdo him here at home,
What good of your deſign can come?

As wind i' th' hypocondries pent,
Is but a blaſt, if downward ſent;
But if it upward chance to fly,
Becomes new light and prophecy:
So when your ſpeculations tend
Above their juſt and uſeful end,
Although they promiſe ſtrange and great
Diſcoveries of things far fet,
They are but idle dreams and fancies,
And ſavour ſtrongly of the Ganzas.
Tell me but what's the nat'ral cauſe,
Why on a ſign no painter draws
The full moon never, but the half;
Reſolve that with your Jacob's ſtaff;
Or why wolves raiſe a hubbub at her,
And dogs howl when ſhe ſhines in water;
And I ſhall freely give my vote,
You may know ſomething more remote?
At this, deep Sidrophel look'd wiſe,
And ſtaring round with owl-like eyes,
He put his face into a poſture
Of ſapience, and began to bluſter:
For having three times ſhook his head
To ſtir his wit up, thus he ſaid.
Art has no mortal enemies
Next ignorance, but owls and geeſe;
Thoſe conſecrated geeſe in orders,
That to the capitol were warders:
And being then upon patrole,
With noiſe alone beat off the Gaul:
Or thoſe Athenian ſceptic owls,
That will not credit their own ſouls;

Or any ſcience underſtand,
Beyond the reach of eye or hand:
But meas'ring all things by their own
Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known:
Thoſe wholeſale critics, that in coffee-
Houſes cry down all philoſophy,
And will not know upon what ground
In nature we our doctrine found,
Although with pregnant evidence
We can demonſtrate it to ſenſe,
As I juſt now have done to you,
Foretelling what you came to know.
Were the ſtars only made to light
Robbers and burglarers by night:
To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,
And lovers ſolacing behind doors,
Or giving one another pledges
Of matrimony under hedges?
Or witches ſimpling, and on gibbets
Cutting from maleſactors ſnippets?
Or from the pill'ry tips of ears
Of rebel-ſaints, and perjurers?
Only to ſtand by, and look on,
But not know what is ſaid or done?
Is there a conſtellation there,
That was not born and bred up here?
And therefore cannot be to learn
In any inferior concern.
Were they not, during all their lives,
Moſt of 'em pirates, whores, and thieves?
And is it like they have not ſtill
In their old practices ſome ſkill?

Is there a planet that by birth
Does not derive its houſe from earth?
And therefore probably muſt know
What is and hath been done below:
Who made the Balance, or whence came
The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?
Did not we hear the Argo rig,
Make Berenice's periwig?
Whoſe liv'ry does the Coachman wear?
Or who made Caſſiopeia's chair?
And therefore as they came from hence,
With us may hold intelligence.
Plato deny'd, the world can be
Govern'd without geometry;
(For money b'ing the common ſcale
Of things by meaſure, weight, and tale;
In all th' affairs of church and ſtate,
'Tis both the balance and the weight:)
Then much leſs can it be without
Divine aſtrology made out;
That puts the other down in worth,
As far as heav'n's above the earth.
  Theſe reaſons, quoth the knight, I grant
Are ſomething more ſignificant
Than any that the learned uſe
Upon this ſubject to produce;
And yet they're far from ſatisfactory,
T' eſtabliſh, and keep up your factory.
Th' Egyptians ſay, the ſun hath twice

865 *Th'Egyptians ſay*, &c.] Ægyptii decem millia annorum et amplius recenſent; et obſervatum eſt,

Shifted his ſetting and his riſe:
Twice has he riſen in the weſt,
As many times ſet in the eaſt;
But whether that be true or no,
The devil any of you know.
Some hold the heavens, like a top,
Are kept by circulation up;
And were't not for their wheeling round,
They'd inſtantly fall to the ground:
As ſage Empedocles of old,
And from him modern authors hold.
Plato believ'd the ſun and moon
Below all other planets run.
Some Mercury, ſome Venus ſeat
Above the ſun himſelf in height.
The learned Scaliger complain'd

in hoc tanto ſpatio, bis mutata eſſe loca ortuum et occaſuum ſolis, ita ut ſol bis ortus ſit ubi nunc occidit, et bis deſcenderit ubi nunc oritur. *Phil. Mel. l. 1. p. 60.*

871 *Some hold the heavens*, &c.] Cauſa quare coelum non cadit (ſecundum Empedoclem) eſt velocitas ſui motus. *Comment. in l. 2. Ariſtot. de coelo.*

877 *Plato believ'd*, &c.] Plato ſolem et lunam caeteris planetis inferiores eſſe putavit. *G. Gunnin. in eoſmog. l. 1. p. 11.*

881 *The learned Scaliger*, &c.] Copernicus in libris revolutionum, deinde Reinboldus, poſt etiam Stadius, mathematici nobiles, perſpicuis demonſtrationibus docuerunt, ſolis apſida terris eſſe propiorem, quam Ptolemaei aetate, duodecim partibus, i. e.

'Gainſt what Copernicus maintain'd,
That, in twelve hundred years and odd,
The ſun had left its ancient road,
And nearer to the earth is come
'Bove fifty thouſand miles from home:
Swore 'twas a moſt notorious ſlam,
And he that had ſo little ſhame
To vent ſuch fopperies abroad,
Deſerv'd to have his rump well claw'd:
Which Monſieur Bodin hearing, ſwore
That he deſerv'd the rod much more,
That durſt upon a truth give doom,
He knew leſs than the Pope of Rome.
Cardan believ'd great ſtates depend
Upon the tip o' th' Bear's tail's end;
That as ſhe whiſk'd it t'wards the ſun,
Strow'd mighty empires up and down:
Which others ſay muſt needs be falſe,
Becauſe your true bears have no tails.
Some ſay the zodiac conſtellations
Have long ſince chang'd their antique ſtations
Above a ſign, and prove the ſame
In Taurus now, once in the Ram;
Affirm the trigons chopp'd and chang'd,
The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd:
Then how can their effects ſtill hold

uno et triginta terrae ſemidiametris. *Jo. Bod. met. hiſt. p.* 455.

895 *Cardan believ'd*, &c.] Putat Cardanus, ab extrema cauda Helices ſeu Majoris Urſae, omne magnum imperium pendere. *Id. p.* 325.

To be the ſame they were of old?
This, though the art were true, would make
Our modern ſoothſayers miſtake;
And is one cauſe they tell more lies,
In figures and nativities,
Than th' old Chaldean conjurers,
In ſo many hundred thouſand years;
Beſide their nonſenſe in tranſlating,
For want of accidence and Latin,
Like *Idus*, and *Calendae* Engliſht
The quarter-days by ſkilful linguiſt:
And yet with canting, ſlight, and cheat,
'Twill ſerve their turn to do the feat:
Make fools believe in their foreſeeing
Of things before they are in being;
To ſwallow gudgeons ere they're catch'd,
And count their chickens ere they're hatch'd;
Make them the conſtellations prompt,
And give 'em back their own accompt;
But ſtill the beſt to him that gives
The beſt price for't, or beſt believes.
Some towns, ſome cities, ſome for brevity,
Have caſt the 'verſal world's nativity;
And made the infant-ſtars confeſs,
Like fools or children, what they pleaſe.
Some calculate the hidden fates
Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats;

913 *Than th'old Chaldaean*, &c.] Chaldaei jactant ſe quadringenta ſeptuaginta annorum millia in periclitandis experiundiſque puerorum animis poſuiſſe. *Cicero.*

Some running nags, and fighting cocks,
Some love, trade, law-ſuits, and the pox:
Some take a meaſure of the lives
Of fathers, mothers, huſbands, wives;
Make oppoſition, trine and quartile,
Tell who is barren, and who fertile;
As if the planet's firſt aſpect
The tender infant did infect
In ſoul and body, and inſtill
All future good, and future ill:
Which, in their dark fatal'ties lurking,
At deſtin'd periods fall a-working;
And break out, like the hidden ſeeds
Of long diſeaſes, into deeds,
In friendſhips, enmities, and ſtrife,
And all th' emergencies of life:
No ſooner does he peep into
The world, but he has done his do,
Catch'd all diſeaſes, took all phyſic
That cures or kills a man that is ſick;
Marry'd his punctual doſe of wives,
Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
There's but the twinkling of a ſtar
Between a man of peace and war;
A thief and juſtice, fool and knave,
A huffing officer, and a ſlave;
A crafty lawyer, and a pick-pocket,
A great philoſopher, and a blockhead;
A formal preacher, and a player,
A learn'd phyſician, and manſlayer:
As if men from the ſtars did ſuck
Old age, diſeaſes, and ill-luck,

Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,
Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice;
And draw, with the firſt air they breathe,
Battle, and murder, ſudden death.
Are not theſe fine commodities,
To be imported from the ſkies,
And vended here among the rabble,
For ſtaple goods, and warrantable?
Like money by the Druids borrow'd,
In th' other world to be reſtor'd?
Quoth Sidrophel, To let you know
You wrong the art, and artiſt too,
Since arguments are loſt on thoſe
That do our principles oppoſe;
I will (although I've done't before)
Demonſtrate to your ſenſe once more,
And draw a figure that ſhall tell you,
What you, perhaps, forgot befel you,
By way of horary inſpection,
Which ſome account our worſt erection.
With that he circles draws, and ſquares,
With cyphers, aſtral characters;
Then looks 'em o'er to underſtand 'em,
Although ſet down hab-nab, at random.
Quoth he, This ſcheme o' th' heavens ſet,
Diſcovers how in fight you met,
At Kingſton, with a May-pole idol,
And that y'were bang'd both back and ſide well,

975 *Like money*, &c.] Druidae pecuniam mutuo accipiebant, in poſteriore vita reddituri. *Patricius, tom. 2 p. 9.*

And though you overcame the bear,
The dogs beat you at Brentford fair;
Where ſturdy butchers broke your noddle,
And handled you like a fop-doodle.
Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive
You are no conj'rer, by your leave;
That paltry ſtory is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat ſuch gulls as you.
Not true! quoth he, howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear;
Whachum ſhall juſtify't t' your face,
And prove he was upon the place:
He play'd the Saltinbancho's part,
Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art;
He ſtole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
Chows'd and caldes'd you like a blockhead,
And what you loſt I can produce,
If you deny it, here i' th' houſe.
Quoth Hudibras, I do believe
That argument's demonſtrative;
Ralpho, bear witneſs, and go fetch us
A conſtable to ſeize the wretches:

1001 *That paltry ſtory*, &c.] There was a notorious idiot (that is here deſcribed by the name and character of *Whachum*) who counterfeited a ſecond part of Hudibras, as untowardly as captain Po, who could not write himſelf, and yet made a ſhift to ſtand on the pillory, for forging other mens hands, as his fellow Whachum no doubt deſerved; in whoſe abominable doggrel, this ſtory of Hudibras and a French mountebank at Brentford fair, is as properly deſcribed.

For though they're both falſe knaves and cheats,
Impoſtors, jugglers, counterfeits,
I'll make them ſerve for perpendic'lars,
As true as e'er was us'd by bricklayers.
They're guilty by their own confeſſions
Of felony, and at the ſeſſions
Upon the bench I will ſo handle 'em,
That the vibration of this pendulum
Shall make all tailors yards of one
Unanimous opinion:
A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now ſhall make it out by proof.
Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt
To find friends that will bear me out:
Nor have I hazarded my art,
And neck, ſo long on the ſtate's part,
To be expos'd i' th' end to ſuffer,
By ſuch a braggadocio huffer.

1024 *That the vibration*, &c.] The device of the vibration of a *pendulum* was intended to ſettle a certain meaſure of ells and yards, &c. that ſhould have its foundation in nature, all the world over: For by ſwinging a weight at the end of a ſtring, and calculating, by the motion of the ſun, or any ſtar, how long the vibration would laſt, in proportion to the length of the ſtring, and weight of the pendulum; they thought to reduce it back again, and from any part of time compute the exact length of any ſtring that muſt neceſſarily vibrate in ſo much ſpace of time: So that if a man ſhould aſk in China for a quarter of an hour of ſattin, or taffato, they would know perfectly what it

Huffer! quoth Hudibras, this ſword
Shall down thy falſe throat cram that word.
Ralpho, make haſte, and call an officer,
To apprehend this Stygian ſophiſter:
Mean while I'll hold 'em at a bay,
Leſt he and Whachum run away.
But Sidrophel, who, from th' aſpect
Of Hudibras, did now erect
A figure, worſe portending far
Than that of moſt malignant ſtar,
Believ'd it now the fitteſt moment
To ſhun the danger that might come on't,
While Hudibras was all alone,
And he and Whachum, two to one:
This b'ing reſolv'd, he ſpy'd by chance
Behind the door, an iron lance,
That many a ſturdy limb had gor'd,
And legs, and loins, and ſhoulders bor'd;
He ſnatch'd it up, and made a paſs
To make his way through Hudibras.
Whachum had got a fire-fork,
With which he vow'd to do his work.
But Hudibras was well prepar'd,
And ſtoutly ſtood upon his guard:
He put by Sidrophelo's thruſt,
And in right manfully he ruſh'd;
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.

meant; and all mankind learn a new way to meaſure things no more by the yard, foot, or inch, but by the hour, quarter, and minute.

Whachum his ſea-coal prong threw by,
And baſely turn'd his back to fly:
But Hudibras gave him a twitch
As quick as lightning in the breech;
Juſt in the place where honour's lodg'd,
As wiſe philoſophers have judg'd,
Becauſe a kick, in that place, more
Hurts honour, than deep wounds before.
Quoth Hudibras, The ſtars determine
You are my priſoners, baſe vermine:
Could they not tell you ſo, as well
As what I came to know foretel?
By this what cheats you are we find,
That in your own concerns are blind.
Your lives are now at my diſpoſe,
To be redeem'd by fine or blows:
But who his honour would defile,
To take, or ſell, two lives ſo vile?
I'll give you quarter; but your pillage,
The conqu'ring warrior's crop and tillage,
Which with his ſword he reaps and plows,
That's mine, the law of arms allows.
This ſaid in haſte, in haſte he fell
To rummaging of Sidrophel.
Firſt, he expounded both his pockets,
And found a watch, with rings and lockets,
Which had been left with him t' erect
A figure for, and ſo detect;
A copper-plate, with almanacks
Engrav'd upon't, with other knacks,
Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers,
And blank-ſchemes, to diſcover nimmers:

A moon-dial, with Napier's bones,
And ſeveral conſtellation ſtones,
Engrav'd in planetary hours,
That over mortals had ſtrange pow'rs,
To make 'em thrive in law or trade,
And ſtab or poiſon to evade;
In wit or wiſdom to improve;
And be victorious in love.
Whachum had neither croſs nor pile,
His plunder was not worth the while;
All which the conqu'ror did diſcompt,
To pay for curing of his rump.
  But Sidrophel, as full of tricks
As rota-men of politics,
Straight caſt about to over-reach
Th'unwary conqu'ror with a fetch,
And make him glad (at leaſt) to quit
His victory, and fly the pit,
Before the ſecular prince of darkneſs
Arriv'd to ſeize upon his carcaſe:
And as a fox, with hot purſuit
Chas'd through a warren, caſts about
To ſave his credit, and among
Dead vermin on a gallows hung;
And, while the dogs run underneath,
Eſcap'd, (by counterfeiting death,)
Not out of cunning; but a train
Of atoms juſtling in his brain,
As learn'd philoſophers give out:
So Sidrophelo caſt about,
And fell t'his wonted trade again,
To feign himſelf in earneſt ſlain;

First ſtretch'd out one leg, then another,
And ſeeming in his breaſt to ſmother
A broken ſigh; quoth he, Where am I,
Alive, or dead; or which way came I
Through ſo immenſe a ſpace ſo ſoon?
But now I thought myſelf i' th' moon;
And that a monſter, with huge whiſkers,
More formidable than a Switzer's,
My body through and through had drill'd,
And Whachum by my ſide had kill'd,
Had croſs examin'd both our hoſe,
And plunder'd all we had to loſe;
Look, there he is, I ſee him now,
And feel the place I am run through:
And there lies Whachum by my ſide
Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd:
Oh! Oh! with that he fetch'd a groan,
And fell again into a ſwoon,
Shut both his eyes, and ſtopt his breath,
And to the life out-acted death;
That Hudibras, to all appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as herring.
He held it now no longer ſafe,
To tarry the return of Ralph,
But rather leave him in the lurch:
Thought he, he has abus'd our church,
Refus'd to give himſelf one firk,
To carry on the public work;
Deſpis'd our ſynod-men like dirt,
And made their diſcipline his ſport;
Divulg'd the ſecrets of their claſſes,
And their conventions prov'd high places:

Diſparag'd their tythe-pigs, as Pagan,
And ſet at nought their cheeſe and bacon;
Rail'd at their covenant, and jeer'd
Their rev'rend parſons to my beard:
For all which ſcandals, to be quit
At once, this juncture falls out fit.
I'll make him henceforth to beware,
And tempt my fury, if he dare:
He muſt at leaſt hold up his hand,
By twelve freeholders to be ſcann'd:
Who, by their ſkill in palmiſtry,
Will quickly read his deſtiny;
And make him glad to read his leſſon,
Or take a turn for't at the ſeſſion:
Unleſs his light and gifts prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I'm ſure;
For if he 'ſcape with whipping now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do;
And that will diſengage my conſcience
O' th' obligation, in his own ſenſe:
I'll make him now by force abide
What he by gentle means deny'd,
To give my honour ſatisfaction,
And right the brethren in the action.
This being reſolv'd, with equal ſpeed
And conduct he approach'd his ſteed,
And with activity unwont,
Aſſay'd the lofty beaſt to mount;
Which once atchiev'd, he ſpurr'd his palfrey,
To get from th' enemy, and Ralph, free:
Left danger, fears, and foes behind,
And beat, at leaſt three lengths, the wind.

9 MR 53

The end of the firſt volume.